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15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 49

TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Atlanta Programme, 52
Where Are Our Intellectuals?, 53
The Matriarchate, 54
A Great French Radical, 55
Humpty Dumpty Falls Again, 56

The Poet meets an Affable Stranger, by James Rorty, 56
Soviets in Italy: I, by Hiram K. Moderwell, 57
The Era of the Hard Guy, by Herbert J. Seligmann, 59
In the Classical Cemetery: I, An Ancient Pussyfoot, by Alexander Harvey, 60.

POETRY

The Opium Fields, by Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, 62
Girls on Tiptoe, by Mary Carolyn Davies, 62

MISCELLANY, 62

ART

The Expressionist Movement, by C. Kay Scott, 63

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

The Heathen Chinese, by Maurice Fontaine, 65; Selling the Next War, by Robert Beresohn, 65; Washington Papers Please Copy, by Cecil Westley, 65; The New Spirit in England, by F. H. L., 65; Taxation with Misrepresentation, by L. P., 65; The Non-partisan League in Montana, by J. P. A., 65; Swords or Ploughshares?, by K. P., 66

BOOKS

A Revenant of the 'Nineties, by Herbert S. Gorman, 66
The Indiscretions of Mr. Blunt, by Ernest A. Boyd, 67
Scholars and Gentlewomen, by Constance Mayfield Rourke, 68
A Reviewer's Note-Book, 70

NOTICE.

Subscribers to the FREEMAN may obtain copies of the Index to Volume 1, 17 March, 1920, to 8 September, 1920, inclusive, by addressing the office of publication, 32 W. 58th St., New York.

CURRENT COMMENT.

PUBLIC officials, newspapers, clergymen and the like, are zealously doing their bit to make it appear that the explosion in Wall Street was due to criminal intent. It is also permissible to believe that it was due to criminal carelessness, and that the story carried by the first editions after the accident, was substantially correct. There is almost no limit to what a person can believe if only he wants hard enough to believe it; and no one can safely hold himself exempt from this temptation. Hence, to the mind prepossessed either way, the choice is open. Nevertheless, there is such a thing as evidence, and by a sufficient effort one can bring oneself to consider it with measurable fairness, if one is interested in so doing.

UP to the present time, no evidence that ranks above the grade of mere tittle-tattle is forthcoming to show that the explosion was caused by a bomb or to show that criminal intent figured in the affair in any way. The evidence so far made public—unless some of it has somehow escaped us, which is not likely—would not convict a pickpocket before any unprejudiced jury or justice of the peace. On the other hand, there is very fair evidence for the theory of criminal carelessness. It is a matter of open knowledge that the use and transportation of explosives in New York is scandalously mismanaged, and competent witnesses have stated that wagons carrying red flags have passed through Wall Street daily of late, on their way to an excavation-work that is going on near the Sub-Treasury. One responsible witness, the head of a Wall Street firm, has stated publicly that "it was the subject of lunch-time gossip that explosives were being carted through Wall Street with the reckless abandon of a load of watermelons in a village street." Such a wagon was seen in Wall Street at the time of the explosion. In fact, the advocates of the bomb-theory rest their case on the assumption that the bomb was concealed in a wagon.

THEN there is the question of motive. Everybody knew that Mr. Morgan was in Europe; hence, clearly, he was

not the appointed victim. Anyone wanting to kill any member of his firm would surely not manage so badly as to leave a bomb to explode out on the street where it could kill only a few passers-by. Anyone who is acquainted with the history of terrorist activity in Russia and elsewhere, even to the extent of perusing Mr. Montague Glass's delightful story "Brothers All," knows that the thing, when attempted in earnest, is never done that way. An explosion under those circumstances is always a "plant," like the one which chipped Mr. Palmer's doorsteps a year ago, or the one in San Francisco, attributed to Mooney.

On the other hand, it would be to the interest of a great many people to prove, if possible, that the explosion was set off with evil intent. There is no cloud without a silver lining; and the calamity that overtook all those poor people was a windfall to the friends of the established order—to what is known as the "predatory interests" and their organs. It was a godsend to office-holders, newspapers, clergymen and all in general who are interested in stamping out the bolshevist menace. Besides, it would come in uncommonly handy for the powder-makers, contractors and all those responsible for the enforcement of the city ordinance if a supposititious Red demonstration could be conjured up by way of alibi for them. Under ordinary circumstances, people would hardly take stock in so wishy-washy an explanation of the accident; but the ministrations of Mr. Creel, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Burleson have prepared them to invest in almost any kind of moonshine. What really perplexes us is, how the beneficiaries of this calamity can take the advantage that it gives them. A word from Mr. Lamont or Mr. Davison would almost compel the investigation to be carried on "not only with justice, but with the appearance of justice" as the late Mayor Gaynor used to say, instead of degenerating, as it immediately did, into a campaign of loose and vicious calumny. Perhaps in their place we would do as they do; perhaps we would not be above taking the same scurvy advantage of the situation. One never knows; they say that every man has his price, so it behooves one to be careful. Not being under temptation, however, we merely hope that Mr. Lamont's dinner, and Mr. Davison's, taste as good as ours does, and that their sleep is as sound.

THERE is a certain amount of ghastly humour in the opportunist uses that are made of this calamity. One leading newspaper now before us has on one page three several items relating to the disaster. One quotes a former Federal investigator, under the caption "Lays Explosion to Foreign-Born"; one quotes the general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League who "blames New York citizens who violate the prohibition-laws or wink at their violation, for the bomb-explosion in Wall Street." The third quotes the rector of Trinity Church, who reprehended the "so-called intellectual propaganda that fires weak brains." Another paper puts some measure of responsibility on Mr. Bryan and Mr. Cox; and another darkly hints that now, probably, Mr. Borah and Mr. Hiram Johnson will be oppressed by remorseful thoughts as they lie awake in the still watches of the night. Each little pettifogger, it seems, has his own ax to grind; and no consideration of justice and decency can delay him on his hurried way to the nearest grindstone.

BUT seriously, when will a sensible end be put to all this kind of thing? Here is an appalling tragedy taking place in the main street of the financial district; and the public is asked to content itself with mere impudent foolery of one kind or another, by way of accounting for it. This is a disgrace and an outrage, the culminating point of a long run of just such official trifling. We have had raid after raid, run down plot after plot, discovered mare's-nest after mare's-nest; and never once, to the best of our memory, has a single scintilla of respectable evidence in any case been offered to the public. Here, now, in this present incident, is something to go on. Somebody is responsible for that explosion; and there should be an investigation calculated to show who that somebody is. In other words, it is high time that something be actually produced. If the explosion was due to a bolshevist plot, produce the bolshevists. If it was due to the criminal carelessness of a powder-company, produce the powder-company. If contractors and city officials were in collusion to violate the city ordinance governing the transportation of explosives, produce them. If banking-interests and insurance-companies are in league to cover up such violation, produce them. There ought to be manhood enough around Wall Street itself to demand that somebody be called on the carpet on the strength of something a little more robust than futile gossip. If the Morgan firm is not concerned to move in the matter—there is no special reason why it should be, except that the explosion took place at its doors—the neighbours down there might join forces and undertake ways and means for a thorough and respectable investigation.

At last the Democrats have "gotten something on" the Republicans. They—the Democrats—have discovered an alliance of big business and bolshevism to back Harding; and they have chosen Edmond H. Moore, National Committeeman from Ohio, to tell us about it. Mr. Moore says that there is "no unpatriotic element, nor any element of radical discontent that is not aligned against Cox." This is true as far as it goes; but the gentleman might have added that those same elements of radical discontent are aligned against Mr. Harding also. According to the Committeeman from Ohio, the bolsheviks hate the Administration because of its relentless searching, *über und unter alles*, for radicalism and the radicals. When the Republican Congress came in, it put a limit to these snooping activities by reducing the appropriation available for expenditure by the Department of Justice. And then a few days after the Department had mustered out a large part of its personnel, this explosion in Wall Street took place. The moral of the tale is not exactly obvious; but perhaps Mr. Moore wants us to believe that in this bombing affair, big business and bolshevism celebrated in their own peculiar way the formation of their Republican alliance.

BUT this is not all. "The bolsheviks are not supporting Harding because they love him or the Republican party, but because they hate Wilson and the Democratic party, and because they hope that after four years of a reactionary Administration they will find in America a more fertile ground for their activities." So far, so good; for as a matter of fact we can not think of any possible reason for voting for either one of the candidates, unless that one can be shown to be more reactionary than the other. But we are having the greatest difficulty in deciding which is which, and Mr. Moore's *communiqué* only adds to our confusion in this matter. The Republicans, he says, are the real reactionaries. But Mr. Palmer's inquisition was planned, built and launched by the Democrats—which gives them a pretty good claim to the prize in the race of retrogression. The whole thing is so complicated that we despair of voting intelligently. In fact we have just about decided to go Mr. Harding one better, and spend Election Day on the front porch.

"WE'RE coming, Father Obregon, a billion dollars strong." If, now, the newly-elected President of Mexico will only stop talking for a moment, and put his ear to the ground, he will hear from afar the songs of an advancing host, and he will know that his generous invitations to foreign capital are not to go unheeded. The American public is already familiar with the periodic chants of lamentation for the losses incurred by our oil-men in Mexico. But it would seem that the audience may now dry their tears for a while, in view of the cheerfulness with which our adventurous financiers are marching to a new martyrdom. One is somewhat startled to learn, for instance, that the Mexican Petroleum Company, headed by Edward L. Doheny, the chief mourner in all previous processions, has just doubled its holdings in Mexico, so that it now controls 1,400,000 acres of land in that bandit-ridden country. The next time Mr. Doheny comes up to Washington to weep on Mr. Colby's shoulder and beg for a war, just a little one, to protect him against incredible losses, somebody ought to ask him if he did not make in Mexico the millions he has just invested there. And at the same time he might be asked why he did not lay out these funds in Oklahoma, say, where bandits are scarcer, governments less confiscatory—and losses not so incredible!

IN Mexico the oil interests are prospering, but Señor Obregon is foolish indeed if he allows himself to believe that on this account his years in office will be years of peace. Big dividends tempt new investments, and every dollar planted in Mexico whets the appetite of American investors for complete control of the country in which these funds have been sunk. No one expects that the returns of these little extra-territorial enterprises will ever be as widely distributed as are the risks of a war with Mexico. That is to say, the people who share the risks, as well as the much smaller number of people who share the profits, have come to take it for granted that in case of emergency the resources of the country are at the disposal of anyone who has chosen to set up a gambling-game on foreign soil. It is only recently that the Government has declared its readiness to use any and all means to safeguard American operations under the Chinese consortium. Tampico is a lot nearer home than Peking, and we may be sure that if anything really serious happens, it will not be long before the doughboys are "over there, . . . over there," looking after private interests which miraculously become public, when there is fighting to be done.

JUST before the Russian advance upon Warsaw was halted by a happy alliance of French officers, British and American uniforms and munitions, and Polish soldiers, Germany was stirring again uneasily with dreams of a Red revenge upon those who gave judgment at Versailles. Reports have it that certain of the Junkers, as well as no end of Independents and Communists, hoped that "the tide of bolshevism" would flow clean across the Continent—and the sooner the better. The German Government manfully proclaimed its neutrality with respect to the Russo-Polish affair, and this could hardly have added to the Cabinet's popularity with the extremists of the Left and Right—the groups which showed such an astonishing increase of power at the spring elections. Nor was the declaration duly appreciated by France, where the old business of undermining republican government in Germany still goes on. Most recently, the British Commissioners in Silesia have resigned, on the ground that, with the encouragement of French officials, the Poles have been intimidating German voters in the plebiscite-area. Naturally this sort of thing does not make for the popularity of the Coalition Government, and the recent elections in Berlin indicate that the Socialists may not tolerate its existence much longer. Every effort of the French Foreign Office seems to be directed toward making moderation impossible in Germany—though anyone with half an eye

can see that neither monarchists nor Socialists can possibly serve the interests of France as well as the motley group that now rules in the Kaiser's place.

PERHAPS it is largely because of the late lamented war that people are held together nowadays mostly by common hatreds, rather than by common likings. If the disunited Germans are forced into unity under either monarchist or bolshevist leadership, it will be their hatred of the Allies, and of France in particular, that will do the job. Something very much of this same sort is happening now at the other end of the Eurasian Continent, where the anti-bolshevist Siberians are hobnobbing with the anti-bolshevist Japanese. One does not have to be possessed of a special cable-service girdling the earth in order to know that these Siberians do not like the Japanese. The Slavs have simply chosen between property and patriotism, between their hatred of Red Socialism and their hatred of the Yellow Race, and have declared their allegiance accordingly. In this instance, we see no good way of forbidding the banns, but we feel called upon to remark that this business of marrying the lesser of two evils has produced a lot of national neurasthenia around here lately.

REPORTS begin to come in to the effect that the Italian peasantry in some sections has begun to dispossess its landlords in rather a rough and ready fashion, by appropriating the land and parcelling it out among themselves. Upon what system the land is re-allotted, or whether upon any system, is not clear. A critical situation is also reported from Spain, where the agricultural tenantry has long been the object of uncommonly severe exactions by the landlords. Thus, in one way and another, the basis of all industrial exploitation, the ultimate monopoly which underlies and sustains all other monopoly, is coming into view. It is rather a pity that labour and the peasantry in Italy do not unite to deal with this matter in a fundamental way. The Italian Government has shown itself very complaisant and docile under pressure. Instead of confiscating and re-parcelling the actual land, how much better if labour and the peasantry had compelled the Government to say to the present landlords, "You may have the land, you may have the product; every cent you earn out of it is yours; but you can not have the rent."

FEDERAL agents in search of political heresy are not likely to go poking around at religious gatherings; if they did, they might occasionally hear something worth while. For instance, at the recent sessions of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, held not far from the Attorney General's office in Washington, that gentleman himself might have heard one of the speakers trumpet a warning against social legislation which increases the powers of the State at the expense of individual rights. Somehow one feels that this was a graceless remark to make right there in the home-town of the fattest and most precocious State on earth. But such political heterodoxy is the natural accompaniment of orthodox Catholicism. The Church has always been most jealous of the authority of the State, and from the day when the temporal power of the Pope began to decline, it has been the policy of the Clericals to promote co-operative action under religious auspices as an offset to the concentration of authority in the State. In Germany the Catholic party of the Centre is building toward a form of Guild Socialism; in France the *Action Liberale* is seeking such reforms as the substitution of an occupational parliament for the Senate; and in the United States there is more than one straw in the wind to indicate that we are about to witness the beginnings of a Clerical party which will place the emphasis on voluntary co-operation, and renew the investiture struggle with the State here and now.

We learn from an officially inspired statement in the *New York Times* that the Government has dispatched

Admiral Knapp to Haiti for the purpose of settling differences which have arisen between the Haitian Government (which at present apparently consists principally of Colonel McIlhenny of the United States Marines) and a New York banking concern. The statement goes on to give a carefully worded explanation of the Navy Department's occupation and government of the island since 1915, and closes with the acknowledgement that Admiral Knapp's mission is given publicity only because of recent attacks "made by Republican leaders and others on American activities in Haiti." One would think that the Republican leaders might have spared themselves the trouble of making these attacks and that the Administration might safely have refrained from defending itself. Probably few American citizens approve the tendency of our Administrative Departments to meddle in the general affairs of the hemisphere; on the other hand, they are perfectly well aware that a change of Administration will have no effect upon this tendency. Mr. Roosevelt's theft of Panama is too recent, and has proved too expensive, to be so soon forgotten.

THE classics of the future are to be entertaining reading if the fashion that is set by Mr. Klemens Baskowski of Cracow is to be followed. This gentleman has published a book entitled "Germania" which contains "the truth regarding German frightfulness during the Great War." The author hopes to have it adopted as a textbook in the high schools and colleges of the Allied countries. The volume deals throughout with German atrocities, but it is written wholly in Latin; the author having followed closely "the style of the Roman classics." At a recent gathering of French teachers a prominent official remarked, "It would be a great thing for world-civilization if the students in future generations would pay as great attention to 'Germania' as they do to their Horace or Virgil," and added, "The only regret possible is that there are some things perpetrated by Germania which can not be faithfully described, even in Latin."

ONE wonders what other Klemens Baskowskis have in store for us along these lines. Is some author at present writing a textbook for German schools on the work of the Senegalese in conquered territory? If so, what language is he using? It would be hard to pick the language fit for that work. Perhaps some one may be making a textbook of British atrocities in Ireland and India and Egypt and South Africa, and sundry other places where they have happened. Perhaps a book will be devoted to each place, and a separate language chosen to fit the region or the classic desire of the author. In what locality is some author perhaps putting together the story of Hell-roaring Jake Smith and other enthusiasts in the Philippines, and what language has he chosen? No doubt the French official who has hailed the publication of Mr. Baskowski's work is doing all he can to assist French authors to get data on all the French, Spanish and Italian atrocities committed along the coast of Northern Africa. Arabic perhaps will be the language chosen for this delectable subject. The only trouble is that there are not enough classical languages to go around, and one hopes fervently that no international complications will result should all the authors set to work at once on the history of atrocities.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly. It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE ATLANTA PROGRAMME.

EUGENE DEBS has issued a campaign address from his cell in Georgia where he is serving a sentence as a political prisoner. Already the candidacy of Eugene Debs is interesting individuals of widely various walks and stations in life. A great capitalist writes that he will register a protest-vote in favour of Eugene Debs, giving the reason that it is better, if voting at all, to give the vote to an honest man, though one may not agree with his principles, than merely to fritter it away on Mr. Harding or Mr. Cox. When a man of large, substantial interests can regard the exercise of the suffrage in this purely negative way, it throws light upon the impossible and ludicrous position of political government at the present time. The protest-vote has often been used against historic parties, but never under circumstances such as now prevail. The whole world is in revolt. Parliamentary institutions have become a byword and a reproach. The men at the head of political affairs in Europe are the cat-paws of the international economic and financial interests. These facts have penetrated to the consciousness of the exploited classes, the war has quite thoroughly enlightened them, and now labour in every section of the world is with one accord sick and tired of the whole business. The trades-unions are permeated by extremists who, not succeeding as in England and to a great extent in Italy, in forcing the liberals and conservatives to adopt the direct action of the revolutionary syndicalists, are effectively undermining their regular leadership. And it is the old historic control of our political destinies that is responsible for this condition of affairs.

The Debs address is as valuable a document of its kind as has been published in America for twenty years. It begins: "To the workers, their tools and the entire product of their labour; no profits to capitalists, no rent to landlords, and no interest to bankers." Here is a statement that one can lay hold of and analyze for one's self. It is straightforward and perfectly clear, but what does it mean in practice? What is the practical proposal indicated by this policy? Why, it is only another way of saying, "the state shall control all the means of production, distribution and exchange, for the equal benefit of all." For, if the workers are to control their tools, if private capital is to be abolished, rent confiscated, and interest prohibited, then what remains is nothing but State socialism. What Mr. Debs calls the capitalistic system—that is, private ownership and administration of land or capital in any shape or form—will cease to exist. But under the new system the workers, he assures us, are to get the entire product of their labour. Here is the rock on which many a socialist programme has foundered, the point which has been the cause of more controversy and discussion within the ranks of socialists than any other. And again we come back to the difficulties of the distributive proposals of socialism. Mr. Debs refers to the workers collectively, and their produce as a whole; which is well and good as far as it goes, but what about the individual worker? With competition abolished, how is the socialist State, as he conceives it, to determine the value of the individual's service in production? There is no way. Therefore, the products would have to be distributed equally; and again, injustice would prevail under the socialist State as it does under the monopolistic State. The address tells us that the workers are to receive "the full equivalent of what they produce, and all

share equally in the opportunity to enjoy life, liberty and happiness." But workers are not equally productive, so where one received the equivalent of what he produced, there would be ten others to receive either more or less than they produced, and where would be the justice? The man who produced more than his requirement would receive no reward for his additional effort, and would therefore be as likely to turn rebel as the worker of to-day who is relentlessly exploited by the landlord. Injustice can not be wiped out merely by a shake-up in the batting-order or by reversing the existing categories of exploiters and exploited.

Furthermore, how is this State to be brought into being—by revolution, by direct action, or by voting all the old political parties out of existence and a new one in? In Europe several methods are on trial; one in Britain, another in Italy, another in Russia, still another in Germany; and all of them may be measured by the proposals of Marx and Georges Sorel. That it is no easy matter to make the change must be obvious to anyone whose interest in European affairs reaches back as much as fifteen years. The stage has been reached, however, when such terms as confiscation and repudiation are no longer unthinkable, as they were before the Russian revolution. And now, how is the complete change to be brought about? Compensation can not be paid to anyone who owns anything, when his possessions are taken, because Mr. Debs's policy proposes "to put an end to profit, rent and interest and every form of exploitation of man by man." So, for instance, when the Ford plant is taken over, will it be confiscated; and the stockyards; and the Steel Corporation? Of course, for no economic discrimination is to be made; interest would be abolished, and it would hence be impossible to begin a social State by creating a huge class holding interest-bearing bonds in payment for the industries that had been taken over. Besides, as competition will have ceased to exist, how can the value of these industries be ascertained? Book-value will be of no consequence, because it will have no relation whatever to the value of an industry when it passes under State control. Moreover, one can hardly differentiate loot under State socialism from loot under any other system. To put an end to loot under the present system by a general, comprehensive act of loot under State socialism does not appear to be a very promising beginning for the new order.

Mr. Debs is an honest man whose whole soul revolts against the injustice of the monopolistic system. Why a man so much in earnest is not content to do the fundamental thing first, is rather puzzling, because he seems to be quite conscious that land is the basis of subsistence. He says, "No rent to landlords." That is sufficient for a beginning; why not begin there and pause to see what happens? The justice of such a proceeding should be manifest to a man of Mr. Debs's understanding, for land-value is created by the community, not by the individual, and only by first taking land-value for the use of the community can one go on to determine what is profit and what is interest, what is rent and what is wages. Once confiscate land-values, however, and there is very little trouble about determining those other values. Confiscation of land-values is the one and only basis for a society such as Mr. Debs desires; the only basis for equality of opportunity to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and no Utopia that is not constructed on this basis can get further than the imagination.

WHERE ARE OUR INTELLECTUALS?

WHAT is the matter with the American intellectuals? If they really occupy the valid position of mediating between extremes, the alternate attacks of the conservatives who hint that they are insidious, and of the extremists of the other end who call them timid and time-serving, ought to flatter them tremendously; for they are always being attacked in just this fashion. Only the other Sunday, following the explosion in Wall Street, the Reverend Dr. Manning, of Trinity Church, at the head of Wall Street, preached a few words of warning against them; and every issue of your downright "red" periodical has at least one contemptuous fling at them. Yet somehow the careful observer comes to feel both charges as unreal; the intellectuals are not so much faint-hearted as they are bewildered, and they can hardly be called insidious in their influence, when the fact is that they exercise practically no influence at all. The trouble goes much deeper.

First of all, as is true of all other countries, they are numerically an extremely small class. By common consent, they are not the college and university professors occupying official positions. These professors may sympathize with certain phases of their activity, in fact, they often do so; but it is a sound intuition that puts them outside the class. It is felt that by the terms of their official position itself they have given hostages to fate: they are committed. And the intellectuals' ideal—the correct and fine one, too—is that first and foremost the intellectual must be disinterested, non-sectarian and non-partisan, devoted to no pursuit except pursuit of the truth. Official educators are not easily thought of as in this group; only occasionally can the man of genius like William James, rise above his professorial identifications. Similarly, although the man of science might be thought to be the natural leader or certainly the first member of the intellectual class, science has been cut up into too many unrelated specialisms. Once more the intellectuals' ideal—and once more the correct and fine one—is that the truth in question is not any narrow one of method or of limited and precise observation, but the truth of the whole range of life. It is the philosopher's point of view; what to-day we call the humanistic view. Only occasionally can a man of genius like Huxley or Agassiz, transcend his special sphere, and attain it. No, the term intellectuals, has come to mean something both broader and narrower; publicists, editors of non-trade magazines, pamphleteers, writers on general topics. In France they are represented by such men as Henri Barbusse, Anatole France, and Romain Rolland; in England, say, by Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Angell, Massingham, Scott, Brailsford, Wallas and Cole; in America—by such as the reader may nominate.

It is true, then, that the class is a small one. Perhaps for that reason it might naturally be expected not to have much influence; and in this country there is a certain excuse for its impotence, in the fact that minorities are more despised here than in any other country. Well and good; but the same class is small in all countries, as we have already said, and even if other nations are more tolerant in such matters, it is never in the nature of things for a minority to be popular. Yet the fact remains that in France and England this group has exercised, and is exercising to-day, enormous influence; it is also the fact that in America to-day it is exercising no influence at all. Differences in social structure can explain a good deal, but not everything. There are deep internal weaknesses in the position of the American intellectual.

In our brief definition of the ideals which the intellectual attempts to represent, we come upon our chief clue to these weaknesses. The American intellectual is primarily not disinterested; second, he has kept his attention upon an extremely narrow range of subjects, politics above all—which perhaps is to be expected in a country where politics, in spite of its accomplishing so little, is so much the topic of common conversation, so much the reformer's instrument—and then, after politics (although in a curiously faint-hearted manner, as if only in answer to the persistent attacks of the radicals) economics. A few, by force of a curious cultural atavism, apparently, are interested in certain derivatives of religion; a larger number take a lively interest in literature and art and philosophy; although in the last instance, oftenest with contempt for those who devote over-much of their energy to economic and political subjects. But one can count on the fingers of one hand those who, like Mr. Bertrand Russell in England, are flexible enough and unafraid to take for their province the whole diverse range of contemporary American social life. This almost instinctive limitation of interest is both the result and the cause of a kind of partisanship, the bias which inevitably comes from too close preoccupation with one subject; exemplified most drearily in the myth of the Ph. D. As a cause of this partisanship, it is linked up with what we ventured to term the primary weakness of the American intellectual—his almost complete lack of disinterestedness.

This primary weakness can best be seen as the consequence of a far and an immediate historical tradition, a cultural driving force in American life long antedating the war, and powerfully reinforced by it. It is, in brief, the tradition of getting things done, of definite accomplishment. That is why so many young Americans start out to become intellectuals, disinterested lovers of the truth, and end up by becoming reformers. The natural temper of the country is horribly evangelical, and it is only by trying to get some new idea or reform "across," that the intellectual comes to feel that he has a respectable place in our contemporary social life. When thought is despised and feared, one must make action and verbiage do duty for thought; one must "show results." The pitiful breakdown of American intellectuals under the pressure of war-hysteria can be traced to the working of this immemorial national tradition. To stand outside the current of events in splendid isolation, like Randolph Bourne, was felt to be both erratic and snobbish, and also ineffective; that was the crushing argument, ineffective. Every intellectual prided himself on being pragmatic, and bristled with indignation at the ultimate sceptic of any of the values supposedly involved in "winning the war." It would have been utterly alien to American temperament, something incredible to conceive, that any party should have arisen in America—such a party as did arise in Russia in 1916 and early 1917—advocating the idea that true national salvation lay in defeat rather than victory. The very Russian word *podvig* is almost untranslatable. We make a religion of optimism, of activity, of getting things done and always for the better. It is against this metallic social environment that the intellectual has to fight, and to which he usually succumbs.

But this succumbing to the gospel of accomplishment, which the intellectual often rationalizes as the victory of his common sense and good balanced judgment, is really only the outcome of an incredible *naïveté*. The true and permanent influence of the intellectual is never so much the result of what he

specifically advocates as of the example that he sets, and of the ideas that he clarifies and sets in motion. The true and permanent influence of the intellectual comes as much from a complete lack of the evangelical temper as from anything else. He is humble, but without any of the vain self-depreciation that shrewd old Dr. Johnson so unerringly exposed; because all those really interested in the life of the mind are humble, humble before the facts. He is hard-working and patient, unlike too many of our contemporary intellectuals who are just clever dilettanti in ideas. He is content with what, to the impatient reformer, must seem like very small "results." Above all, precisely because he is disinterested, he is objective, curious, and inquiring. Where in this present American environment of propaganda and counter-propaganda, of material triumphs and spiritual defeats, can he be found? He can not be found; he is too busy getting on the band-wagon. It is part of our national tradition that he should get on the band-wagon, and that he follows this tradition is the ultimate reason why he has such negligible influence. He wants to "find" himself so eagerly and so quickly, that he only succeeds in losing himself in the crowd.

THE MATRIARCHATE.

LAST week, in discussing the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment, we quoted the sombre prediction of the Dean of St. Pauls' that the society of our immediate future will be an ice-water-drinking gynocracy. Those who are more interested in human rights than in men's rights or women's rights, and believe that freedom will do more for the world than tutelage—by whomsoever administered—will no doubt find this prophecy depressing. Democracy tends more and more to get away from classes; and a society in which either sex lords it over the other is a class-society. The class-society, whether the basis of its organization be sex, money, birth or what not, is uninteresting and dissatisfying, and in the long-run breaks down. Its repressions breed a sense of grievance, a sense of being kept down and sat upon, which makes against its permanence. The Dean of St. Paul's is doubtless right in point of fact, as far as this country is concerned. We are evidently developing a zealous and busy matriarchate; but this development should not be criticized from the point of view of sex, but from the point of view of class. A matriarchate is not dull and repellant because it represents the ascendancy of women, but because it represents the ascendancy and domination of a class, of class-interests and of class-consciousness. One should not be uneasy about Mr. Harold Stearns's "monstrous army of women in the Mississippi Valley" and their rule, because they are women, and because their rule is women's rule but because they are, in their public character, a class, and their rule is class-rule, established according to the experience, the outlook, the inhibitions and, we fear we must add, the resentments, of a class.

Women have themselves suffered so much under class-rule that this development is to be expected. They have long held the status of mere property; their history has been one of repression, subordination and patient management of themselves into positions of personal advantage by the subtle wisdom of the serpent. Not only their economic disabilities, but also those social disabilities and discriminations which have been put upon them by sheer custom and the unintelligent pressure of public opinion, are simply so many hold-overs from their earlier status as property. In the interest of her owner, be he father, brother, or husband, the woman was restrained from anything which

might conceivably impair her property-value; and in time, these restraints passed into the form of a code, partly written, and partly, like the British Constitution, "broadening slowly down, from precedent to precedent." Thus her conduct has been pretty strictly supervised, in small matters as in great. Probably at present, no woman can anywhere in this country be anything but strictly orthodox in her sex-relations, at least in practice, without incurring disgrace. So much for the matters which most of all originally affected her property-value; in fact, one finds quite generally that women's conception of their own orthodoxy is determined by something very closely approaching the property-factor. But in many parts of the country, a woman may not dance; only here and there may she smoke without the fact being unfavourably remarked. Her conduct is measured by an explicit, factitious and inflexible standard of "respectability" which means quite often the improper impairment of individuality and a retarding conformity to requirements that seem to be, as really they are, illogical and unreasonable—the best proof of their character being that no good ground in reason or logic is ever assigned for them.

Yet, women have found that on the whole, they were doing pretty well; in this country, they have done extremely well. American fathers, brothers and husbands are a byword the world over for "being good to their women." The instincts of many, indeed of the great majority, have followed their habits; and a sort of spiritual bondage, self-imposed, has succeeded upon the disposition which most women, like most men, are apt to have, to take the conditions of life as they find them, without overmuch questioning, and above all, without thinking overmuch about them. Women, like men, who have been well cared for and fairly happy, are apt to "go along," and not bother their heads much about any abstract doctrine of human rights. And even the few who are in revolt against the conditions of living imposed upon them, are not apt to generalize from their own experience. One notices that most of the suffrage-advocates, for instance, regarded their contention as a women's affair rather than a human affair. The general doctrine that freedom is the only thing, freedom for all, freedom that admits no compromise, has never made much more headway with women that it has with men. Hence, naturally, we have Mr. Stearns's "monstrous army" going about their job with a very real and very great desire to improve things, but when all is said and done, only carrying over into their own period of domination the ideas, theories and methods with which their long period of subjection has made them familiar, and under which they themselves have done sufficiently well to imagine that other people will do well under them also.

Any class, bred to a special experience, will act in the same way; and here is the point where, at the outset, any form of class-rule begins to break down. Capitalists, landlords, labourers, women, lawyers, any class you please to consider *qua* class, will, if they have the power, endeavour to impose upon society as many as possible of the modes and theories under which that class has so far gotten on, and to extend, as far as possible, their application. Women, having gotten on fairly well under some pretty definitely prescribed restraints and as definitely prescribed liberties, most naturally think of having those restraints and liberties codified and applied to everybody. That there is a higher standard of thought to be applied in the premises, that there is a larger view of the question to be taken, does not occur to them any more than it occurs to capitalists or labourers. The power of detachment, of regarding public affairs from the

point of view of general human nature, is surely no more to be expected from women—especially from women ruffled and flushed by public agitation or the reflex of it—than from any other class; and no one should be surprised or distressed when it does not appear.

Still, for all that, when one reads a public statement from one leader of American women declaring that man is the natural enemy of women; or when another leader advises women to go in with one of the two great political parties; one is far more depressed than by any gloomy prediction that the Dean of St. Paul's might make about the future of our civilization. Really, one asks oneself, is this the best, at this stage, that these leaders can do? If they embody in themselves, as leaders of any cause must inevitably do, any of the long and tragic experience of womankind under the rule of alien interests, alien motives, alien ideals, is this the best fruit of their experience? From the rank and file of their followers, one would not, as we have said, expect more; but from minds presumably enlarged and tempered by contact with great affairs, one would hardly look for such a degree of ineptness and sterility. They have the entire spiritual history of the country open before them. Pioneer life, with its strict repression of individuality, due to its necessities, established the passion for conformity, the intellectual timorousness and dishonesty, which has reigned among us and borne so hardly upon women. Then the period of expansion brought in the civilization of the movie, the motor-car and the land-deal, under which her best instincts and aspirations were denied expression. The class-domination of man has produced a civilization of unspeakable external hideousness as the outward and visible sign of its inward and spiritual quality. In religion, its ideals are those of Chadband; in commerce, of Gradgrind; in social life and manners, of Quinion; in public affairs, of Pecksniff. This is the inheritance that the matriarchate has come into; this the legacy that the gynecocracy has had placed in its hands. All its power (and it has great power) is theirs to make use of; all its narrowness, hideousness, truculence, irrationality, is theirs to contemplate. What we want from the matriarchate is not more repression, not the extension upon people in general of the same repressions under which women have so long been oppressed and impeded, but more freedom; a larger, freer, more beautiful, more *interesting* collective life—not for women collectively, or men, or labour, or landlords, or capitalists, or any other class, but for everybody. Some women may have visions of such a life and of ways to get it; but those who might be presumed, in virtue of their position, to have had such visions, now tell us only that man is the natural enemy of women, or that women ought to join one of the two great political parties.

A GREAT FRENCH RADICAL.

OUR civilization may be likened to a shipwrecked company upon a raft where the first comers and the most powerful push the belated and the weak to one side. Fighting and struggling with each other for a foot-hold, those nearest the edge slip overboard. The struggle continues until the raft reaches an angle so acute that all hands are flung into the sea. The survivors begin to scramble out of the water again, and the scene is re-enacted. Will experience eventually teach the unfortunate mariners that only by respecting the equal rights of all can they adapt themselves to their precarious environment? History presents a monoton-

ous round of encroachments upon the mass by the privileged few, and of barren revolutions which change the fortunes of individuals without removing the cause of conflict. The promises of violence are never fulfilled, for the desired freedom is the absence of restraint and can not be enforced. Only when restraints are removed by common consent will human nature be able at last to disclose its secret and prove its accusers right or wrong.

There was wisdom in Olive Schreiner's plea that natural conditions, inexorably, but beneficently, be allowed to determine the labours of each individual, and not artificial restrictions. Unfortunately, the war for freedom and democracy has not diminished the restrictions. Even the bishops, who put their trust in it, are disappointed. "We had hoped," said one of them, "that the war and our ideal purpose in entering it would have chastened us and drawn us all together for the support of the common good, and, indeed, for the unselfish service of the world. But such has not proved to be the case." The thistles sown so lavishly, and at such a cost, have not yielded the expected crop of figs, to the astonishment of a hungry and bleeding world. The curtain falling on the latest act in the human drama does not descend on a united group made safe and happy by the elimination of the villain. Rather do we see old animosities accentuated and new conflicts growing. Instead of the promised removal of barriers, national frontiers, old and new, glisten with bayonets, and countless new impediments are put in the way of human intercourse. The nations are spending an immense amount of energy in self-extermination.

Emerson's dictum is still true, that we live in a very low state of the world in which unwilling tribute is paid to governments founded on force, and that "there is not, among the most religious and instructed men of the most religious and civil nations, a reliance on the moral sentiment and a sufficient belief in the unity of things, to persuade them that society can be maintained without artificial restraints, as well as the solar system; and that the private citizen might be reasonable and a good neighbour, without the hint of a jail or a confiscation." He wondered that there were no men with sufficient faith in the power of rectitude to apply to the State the principle of right and love.

Among the few statesmen to approximate this ideal was Turgot, whose practical application of the theories of economic justice was a first necessary step towards the repudiation of violence. Freedom was the keynote of his philosophy; and during his short and stormy term as Minister under Louis XVI he sought to free production by abolishing the guilds, and to facilitate exchange by decreeing free trade in grain. But his reforms demanded a curtailment of extravagance at Court, and the termination of privileges which had come to be regarded as rights by those who enjoyed them. "There is no abuse," he found, "which does not give some one a livelihood."

It would not be difficult to draw a parallel between the conditions prevailing in pre-Revolutionary France and those with which we are familiar to-day under republican Governments. The greedy Court is matched by our spendthrift bureaucracies; in place of a privileged nobility we have a privileged plutocracy; and our Third Estate differs from its predecessor chiefly in being more conscious of its strength. The continued immunity of the privileged classes to-day depends largely upon the predilection of labour-leaders for the restrictions characteristic of guilds and unions, with privileges and immunities to offset existing monopolies. The king-worship of the past has its counterpart to-day in State-worship. The mantle which has been rudely

snatched from royal shoulders is being used to exalt Governments bent on sacrificing the happiness of individuals in the alleged interest of society. It is still forgotten that society is made for individuals.

Turgot agreed with Gournay, author of the motto, *Laissez faire, laissez passer*, that men know their own interests better than Governments can, and that abundance and amity are the offspring of freedom and not of prohibitions. It was for this reason that he desired "to give back to all branches of trade that precious freedom of which they had been deprived by centuries of ignorant prejudice," and by the facility of government in lending itself to private interests. It is clear that there can not be privileges without exploitation. The *laissez-faire* ideal was a society freed from monopoly, in which agreements uninfluenced by violence, fraud or compulsion would necessarily be fair.

In abolishing the *corvée*, or forced labour of the peasants upon the roads, Turgot bluntly informed his angry and powerful critics that the landowning class reaped the fruit of this labour and ought, therefore, to pay for it. And what is true of roads is equally true of all public improvements; they increase the value of land, and the benefits accrue to the landowner. The logical development of Turgot's policy would open the resources of nature to all comers, and would disarm the industrial conflict. If human nature is incorrigible, the struggle for social justice is hopeless; but if we live in an ordered universe, many of our evil tendencies may be overcome by permitting human nature to respond to the laws of its being. Under restraint, egotism wears an ugly look; but under freedom no selfish interest can be advanced without at the same time advancing the interest of others; for no one will willingly consent to an exchange of services which does not benefit him.

Turgot justly regarded as a fallacy the notion that freedom consists in being subject to laws alone, "as if a man were free who is oppressed by an unjust law!" It would not be true, he declared, "even supposing all laws to be the work of the assembled nation; for, after all, the individual has also his rights, of which the nation can deprive him only by violence and by an illegitimate use of the general power." It is time to shift the emphasis from the mythical rights of the abstraction we call the State (reduced in practice to the Government-clique), and place it upon the demonstrable rights of the living members of Society. We have sanction for believing that "he that looketh into the perfect law, the law of liberty, and so continueth . . . shall be blessed in his doing."

HUMPTY DUMPTY FALLS AGAIN.

WHEN the Assembly at Albany was purged last spring of its five Socialist members, there was a deal of speculation as to the effect this action would have upon the electorate. Security Leaguers and other people of that sort, saw visions of myriads of voters rushing to the polls at the first opportunity, eager to defend the Constitution, and to uphold the freebooters who violated all the principles of republican government when they threw the Socialists out of the Assembly. The Socialists themselves found it convenient to believe that the affair at Albany would drive a large liberal vote into the Marxian party of political righteousness. And, finally, a few miscellaneous direct-actionists hazarded the guess that the whole business would result in a further increase of the public's general disgust with politicians of all classes and breeds.

The sheets of paper upon which all these theories were set forth are very dusty by now, but at last the elections for the replacement of the outcasts have taken

place, and the results are in. In four of the five districts the Democrats and the Republicans clubbed together for the purpose of defeating the outlawed Socialists, and in each of the five districts without exception the Socialist candidate won, hands down. In this there is much joy for the Marxians, who nevertheless must be somewhat puzzled when they examine the figures for the total vote this year, as compared with the total number of ballots cast when the Socialist Assemblymen were first returned ten months ago:

	1920	1919
Socialists	17,654	28,469
Democrats and Republicans	11,336	32,516

It appears then, that in spite of all the recent appeals to righteousness, patriotism, class-consciousness and what not, thirty-two thousand of the voters who turned out for the routine-elections last year could not be persuaded to go to the polls this time. It is to be remembered, of course, that the recent affair was a by-election, unhallowed by the usual holiday; but even this can hardly account for the flat indifference of one-third of the Socialists and two-thirds of the other voters in these constituencies, in the face of an election which was destined—they say—to determine the whole future course of history.

All in all, then, the direct-actionists seem to have guessed rather better than they knew. In the opinion of some few of these people, one Italian factory-soviet, or one British Council of Action, or one co-operative shingle-mill in the American Northwest, is worth more than any political Humpty Dumpty, socialist or other, that can possibly be set up again in this disillusioned world.

THE POET MEETS AN AFFABLE STRANGER.

It happened one busy week-day afternoon when the Poet, who had spent ten cents on a 'bus-ride and was rather unctuously enjoying his extravagance, looked upon Fifth Avenue and found it wanting. In spite of the fact that it was a busy week-day afternoon, the Poet had nothing whatever to do except to write poetry, and he wasn't above slighting even this obligation, unless the poetry seemed to him unusually good and worth writing; which in itself would seem rather immoral. And if the editor of the *Most Successful Magazine* had been aware that the Poet was squandering the almighty minute by sitting arrogantly on top of a Fifth Avenue 'bus and permitting himself impudent reflections about his fellow-man, I am sure there would have been an editorial. It's really too bad the editor didn't catch him, because the editorial would have done so much good. In fact it almost seems as if the Poet himself were doing some good, merely by being idle and so giving the editor such a stunning moral opportunity; which makes it all very complicated.

The Poet was wayward—that was it. Is it not astonishing that we in this country spend thousands of dollars on Magdalen homes, and not one cent for the reform of poets. But we must not anticipate that editorial. Meanwhile the Poet sat on the very front seat of the 'bus, and he was a lost soul, and he was quite cheerful, and he had neither duty, nor conscience, nor a task. And the Poet looked upon Fifth Avenue and found it wanting; while the thoughts that he kept thinking were really so very queer that it scarcely seems safe to tell them.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon and the sidewalks were crowded with people, all of them hurrying somewhere very earnestly. The automobiles fretted and strove in the street, or halted at the command of the traffic-policeman and stood still breathing rhythmically with their noses overlapping like a school of suckers in a stream, while the big lights in the traffic-policeman's tower bullied them in a magnificent way.

"I can stand the automobiles," reflected the Poet. "They seem energetic and conscious of something—perhaps it is their power. And I bow down to the traffic-policeman, because I am weak and need a God, and in this fevered modern world I do not know where else to find so much authority and calm. But I do not like the people. They are so many. I can't make anything out of them. They seem very serious.

But they mean nothing. Why are they not marching and carrying banners? Or rioting in struggling knots on the corners, and shouting? Why do they waste time rushing up and down with these preposterously anxious faces of theirs? Do they think that these grave sky-scrapers will take notice of them if they go at this pace? I think I should like to take a great broom and sweep these people into neat little heaps along the gutters. The Avenue would then be much tidier and leave more room for the automobiles."

And being after all a practical soul, the Poet jotted a memorandum of these thoughts, thinking that they would give him perhaps a sonnet, or at the very least a *vers libre* observation. In the very act of making the note, however, he was obliged to alter it, because he suddenly perceived that these were not people at all, but only so many hurrying and jostling members of society, and parts of the body politic, with tasks and functions innumerable. Standing on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street he saw the head of a bank talking with the assistant manager of a department-store, while the leg-man of a news-agency listened and took notes. Across the street a footman helped a fat and ungraceful dowager into a sleek, athletic limousine. And meanwhile the sidewalks swarmed with bobbing and chattering odds and ends, which were probably cloak and suit operatives, or at least would make good material for that purpose.

Just once the Poet almost thought he saw a Human. A suit of Burberry's clothes standing on the corner of Thirty-seventh street turned and ogled a passing Paquin gown, done in pink tulle with blue trimmings.

"Hey there," shouted the Poet excitedly. "Why instead of ogling her that way, don't you switch your tail and take out after her? If you should do *that* now, my heart would be gladdened by the sight of a satyr, and if the Paquin gown should pick up its skirts and run, I should rejoice and worship a nymph."

But of course nothing like that happened. And the Poet, particularly as the weather was sultry, began to feel more and more depressed. "It's hot as hell," he sighed, mopping his forehead.

"Humph!" muttered a voice beside him. The tone of the ejaculation seemed almost to convey a sneer. Startled, the Poet turned to find that a smartly dressed, distinguished looking man of middle age had taken the seat next to him. He wore a broad, stiff, straw hat slanted rakishly on his head. A horn pince-nez to which a broad, black ribbon was attached, bestrode his aquiline nose. His eyes were black and intense, and from behind a bristling mustache and imperial he grinned at the Poet in a very direct and disconcerting way.

However, resolving that he would not let his 'bus-ride be spoiled by the impertinence of a perfect stranger, the Poet assumed a distant manner and turned again to his contemplation of the Avenue. A trio of passing shop-girls looked up at him boldly and he returned their gaze. Something swelled in him that was neither humble nor gentle as he reflected: "I have looked at them once, and I have taken from them all that they had to give."

"Why you damned little snob! I *am* interested!" This time the Poet was both startled and angry. He turned sharply, to be met by the Stranger's intense black eyes boring into his, while an insolent grin spread across the Stranger's face, disclosing a row of exceedingly white and pointed teeth. The Poet's wrath disappeared, to be replaced by a choking sensation which was a little like fright. The Stranger looked him up and down and sideways and then from an ornate case extracted a fat Turkish cigarette.

"May I offer you a match?" asked the Poet, as if hypnotized.

"No, thanks," replied the Stranger, and lighted it by passing a spark from the long finger nail of his forefinger. At the same time he crossed his legs to sit more comfortably, and the Poet could not help noticing something black and barbed that protruded from his right trousers-leg.

"My dear," remarked the old lady sitting in front of them to her companion. "What a curious smell!"

When terrible things like this happen it is difficult to tell just how terrible they are. The Poet was no longer hot. Instead, he felt chilly and in fact quite ill. And the Stranger kept drawing closer in the most confidential manner. And the Poet felt how weak he was and how much he needed a God. And they had passed Forty-second Street and there would be no traffic-policeman for several blocks. Altogether, it was—

"Of course you know who I am," said the Stranger.

"Yes," replied the Poet. "Er—how—how's things?"

"Not," replied the Stranger, letting the cigarette-smoke stream from his ears, "as represented. If I were asked to describe the condition of my establishment at the present moment I should say 'Small and select.' It isn't as it was in the Middle Ages—or even in Puritan times. So seldom these days do people rise to the dignity of being sinful. In fact, as you were just remarking a few moments ago, it is comparatively seldom that people rise to the dignity of being People. You can not expect me to busy myself constantly with boiling heads of banks in oil, or frying all the skiff-loads of fashionable clothes that are ferried across the Styx. All that junk I leave to Evolution. I want souls, I do—fine, fat, sinful souls. Now you, for example, were getting warm—"

"How about," interrupted the Poet hastily, "how about the authors of the war?"

The Stranger shrugged his shoulders. "I did have hopes there," he said. "But it turned out to be all economics after all. And what can a man do in a case like that, except boil the economists? No, really," he concluded sensitively, "no gentleman could make it as personal as all that."

"Of course not," agreed the Poet, "I suppose, however, you continue to draw from certain classes. For example—"

"Snobs," said the Stranger. "Snobs and super-men for the most part, in these dull times. We still get them now and then. Now you, as I said before, were getting warm a while back—"

"I am afraid," put in the Poet hastily, "that you didn't quite understand. What I was saying was really only the expression of a—a sort of complex."

As he uttered the last word a curious thing happened. An expression of suffering came over the stranger's face, and his form began to fade until the Poet could see only the outlines of the pince-nez and a pair of pained and reproachful eyes. And the Stranger's voice seemed to come from a great distance. It was still distinct, however, and it said: "Oh, hell, only another complexion!"

Almost at the same moment a large, coloured woman in a pink gown and an oleander hat mounted the 'bus and deposited her substantial bulk through the diaphanous remains of what had been the Stranger, who thus disappears from the story. And the Poet, badly shaken, got down at the door of the Cathedral and said three paternosters and four Aves. And he took the subway home and not the 'bus, and in the subway station he bought a copy of the *Most Successful Magazine*. And after reading the editorial he was for a long time quite sobered and resolved to do better for the sake of his future.

JAMES RORTY.

SOVIETS IN ITALY:I.

To understand the present industrial situation in Italy, it is necessary to know something about the organization and aims of the Italian proletarian movement. First, there is the *Confederazione General del Lavoro*, federating the greater part of the trades-unions and including in its membership a large number of scattered persons not belonging to any local branch. Its membership has grown from less than 250,000 in 1918 to more than two million to-day. A remarkable feature of the Confederation is its Union of Agricultural Workers, which numbers over 400,000 members and is constantly growing. But still more surprising is its local organization in *Camere del Lavoro*—Chambers of Labour. These *camere* are established in each of the cities in which the Confederation has any strength (there are now 113 of them). They, and not the unions, are the functioning organisms of the Confederation.

The Confederation is officially communist in aim, and is closely affiliated with the Socialist party—being, indeed, its creation. It is an imposing structure, but there are three important gaps in it. It lacks the Seamen's union, that strange organization which, bowing obediently to its leader, Giulietti, is at one and the same time for the recognition of Soviet Russia and for the annexation of Fiume! The Confederation lacks also a large percentage of the railway-workers, sixty per cent or more, who are generally syndicalist. And it lacks most of the government employees, especially in the more skilled branches. It is, however, making

headway among the last two classes; and Giuliotti can always be dickered with when action is needed.

The "Black" unions, organized by the Catholics, are influential in certain sections. Their numerical strength is vague: headquarters do not publish any figures. They probably number no more than 200,000 dues-paying members. The dues are absurdly low; but they have a multitude of "members" who, without paying dues, have merely signed a membership card at the injunction of the local priest. It is not, however, through their industrial organization that the Catholics can impede the revolution. Therefore, the Blacks are really not a serious factor in the immediate situation. Less important still are those syndicalist organizations which under De Ambris supported the war. Never very numerous, they now have few members and only a handful of branches.

The great rival of the Confederation is the anarchist-syndicalist *Unione Syndicale Italiana*, led by Enrico Malatesta, a Kropotkin anarchist, anti-parliamentarian, and a man of extraordinary personal capacities. The Italians, with centuries of vile government behind them, have always taken more kindly to anarchism than have the workers of any other nation. Though the *Unione Syndicale* can not be compared, numerically, with the Confederation, it is a perpetual menace to the larger organization, being ready to gobble up its members the moment it ceases to respond to the increasingly revolutionary wishes of the workers. If the trades-unionists and Socialists make promises which they can not keep, the anarchists are on the spot to offer a new and more daring way. Indeed, the *Unione Syndicale* stands somewhat in the position of the I. W. W. in America.

Now the crux of the situation came when it was realized that the Socialists, in their Bologna manifesto directing the party "to proceed with the organization of Soviets in anticipation of the revolution" had made a promise to the workers which they were unable to keep; and that for reasons which would exist to hamper a similar effort in any western nation. First, the leaders of the Confederation became nervous about their jobs when they heard of these soviets which were to exist in the factory side by side with the trades-union organizations. Always less radical than the leaders of the Socialist party, this projected rival gave them an additional reason for timidity. Most of them were bought off, for the time being, with nominations for parliament—whence comes the paradox that whereas the Socialist party rank and file stands fully two-thirds to the left, its delegation in parliament stands fully two-thirds to the right.

The Socialist leaders then met with the Confederation leaders to reassure them about the soviets. They sought together for a programme of common action; and compromised by agreeing on two independent actions. They looked for a way to avoid rivalry and decided—to make rival soviets! In order to do this the two groups fell back on the old distinction between economic and political spheres. With the result that the Socialist party was to organize "political soviets" while the Confederation was to do what it could with "economic soviets."

With this decision the Socialists found themselves plunged into the thankless task of multiplying useless institutions, to say nothing of the theoretical betrayal of the soviet system implied in the separation of economic and political administration (another check-and-balance system). The essential fault in the programme was this: it meant the organization of a large number of deadwood institutions which sooner or later would almost certainly be quarrelling with rival groups.

The Socialist party nevertheless prepared through its political secretary, Bombacci, a scheme for the constitution of soviets which was officially accepted at the Florence National Congress early in the present year. This, which remains the official soviet scheme of Italy, is broadly similar to that of Russia. It gives the vote to all who do socially useful work (including peasant small-proprietors) and do not exploit others. The only persons eligible for election are the members of class-conscious organizations. The workers are grouped, so far as possible, according to function, and vote, if possible, in the factory. One delegate is allowed for each hundred voters, and one for each fifty peasant families. The party and the Confederation are empowered to add, in the ratio of three to one, appointive members to each soviet, not to exceed twenty per cent of its number. This is to provide information and leadership to the less experienced soviets and to reinforce the party domination of the whole system. The local soviets pyramid up to a national executive in the accepted fashion.

The only unusual feature of this plan is its pre-revolutionary character. What are these soviets supposed to be doing while they await the time for action? The Bombacci plan names four "scopes and functions": (1) To "illuminate and organize the great masses"; (2) "study and prepare the means and organs for the realization of communism" (among these means being the factory-council); (3) "form the new proletarian State, thus accelerating the collapse of the bourgeois State" (it being understood that this "proletarian State" has nothing to do during acceleration); (4) "hinder and paralyze the social-democratic experiment."

Of these four "scopes" only one is materially constructive, that of organizing factory-councils. But this is not stressed, and it is hard to believe that the party seriously expected that the new committees, uncertain of themselves, could undertake so substantial a work. Indeed, it seems that it was only after the party had voted for the plan that it saw the difficulties ahead. What if the Catholic unions should deliberately swamp some of the local soviets (as they might well do in certain districts) and begin issuing anti-revolutionary manifestos to the press? What if the trades-union bosses should persuade some of the soviets to vote themselves out of existence? Or what if the anarchists or the left wing Socialists should use their soviets to force an immediate revolution while economic conditions made success impossible? The Socialists realized that they were planning to give form and body to a revolutionary institution in a period not yet maturely revolutionary. They were putting a sword in the hands of romantic amateurs; the result might be murder, or suicide. The leaders conferred, and dodged, and delayed.

Yet mere inaction would not do. Tremendous forces were abroad. In farm and factory the dispossessed were seeking to seize the means of life and liberty. Never in Italy since the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had the fire burned so fiercely, and threatened so much. And not only in the factories, where Marx had supplied a complete new philosophy, but on the farms, where ideas must be dug up painfully and one by one. Yet here was a revolutionary spirit, not only in the north, where Mazzini is still a prophet, but in the south, where for centuries all idealism has been crushed out of the people.

The common notion has it that revolt is undreamed of in the small farms in backward districts like southern Italy. But a full half of the insurrectory movement during the past year has occurred on the farms

and in the district south of Rome. This agrarian revolt bears no relation to geography or to socialist influence. It has been divided almost equally, though under different forms, between the north, the centre and the south. In the center, in Tuscany and Emilia, where the Confederation has most of its half million farm-members, the agrarian uprising has taken the form of widespread strikes on the part of the *mezzadria* or half-in-half farmers. These organized quasi-proprietors demanded the abolition of the semi-feudal conditions that encumbered their contracts with the land-owners. They left the farms untended (except for the necessary care of live-stock) until their demands were granted. In Tuscany alone, where small-farming most flourishes, there were 72,000 organized strikers, representing wellnigh half a million working hands. In north and south Italy, and especially in the latter, where farm-workers are more generally mere day-labourers, the discontent expressed itself in a somewhat new kind of direct action. Large estates remained idle because the owners refused to meet the workers' demands for a substantial increase over the starvation wages of the pre-war period. Faced with the formidable facts of land in need of labour and labour in need of land, the workers, untutored by any bolshevik theory, had recourse to the simple and profound idea of themselves occupying the land and working it. They occupied it with guns in their hands—one of the few democratic gifts of the late war has been its endowing of nearly every Italian with some kind of a gun. These peasants even built barricades and organized a sort of guerrilla army of defence. In a few instances the Government in Rome took swift and silent action and confirmed the peasants in their new possessions by some pseudo-legal decree. But for the most part, the soldiers came and drove them off. The record of these parochial struggles in Italy would be an epic of wayside William Tells. Yet so frequently are they reported in the newspapers that one simply does not bother to read them.

HIRAM K. MODERWELL.

(To be continued.)

THE ERA OF THE HARD GUY.

THE hard guy is among us; or rather we are, as we sometimes know to our cost, among him. He has become an international type. Attempts to explain him away, or to put him to sleep by mild doses of evolution issuing as they have done out of our despair, were foredoomed to fail. The hard guy has become a fact which like life, demands acquiescence.

It is easy enough to explain the brutalization of mankind as a consequence of war. But that brutalization was proceeding apace long before 1914. What is the hard guy himself but the most essential product of industrial civilization, machine-driven, indifferent to any allure except that of the most obvious instruments of power, money and brawn? All around us we can see, if our vision is not too myopic, the hard guy rejoicing in the freedom—and the expenditure—of country-clubs, as callous to distant suffering as the statesmen who express and represent him; and we can see in the amusement parks near any of our great cities realists who will have no sense of values to restrain them should a time come when self-restraint, rather than externally-imposed law and order will conserve our decencies.

When one remembers Mr. Bertrand Russell's words about the terrible and fear-inspiring power of thought, one comes to conceive of the hard guy as of a being who has discovered that much of what is called civil-

ization is buncombe. Certainly the country-club variety of hard guy has made that discovery. Music bores him to tears; he does not read books; paintings mean nothing to him except as they can be made to minister to his pride of possession. He rejoices in the physical world which is at his command and in a certain smartness which, in the form of external standards to which he may conform, absolves him from the subtler and more personal toil of the spirit. A tree is known by its fruits; and the hard guy is a fair measure of our civilization.

That the hard guy is an international type is emphasized by a writer in the *Neue Rundschau*, Hermann Hesse. In his view the European debacle, materialistic in its consequences, had its inception and its ultimate effect in the human spirit. It is to Dostoevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov" that Hesse traces the germ of the contagion which now threatens to sweep away what we have known as European civilization. Dostoevsky's novel he finds to be prophetic and blameworthy, for in it an ancient, Asiatic, occult ideal is beginning to devour the soul of Europe. This new, and at the same time ancient, ideal he takes to be an amorality of thinking about and experiencing the world, a capacity for identifying the divine and fateful with what is ugliest and most hideous. The exponent of that ideal Mr. Hesse calls the *russische Mensch*, the Russian as Dostoevsky portrays him, a being in whose soul desire strives toward a demiurge who is at once god and devil; a being who loves everything and nothing, "unformed soul-stuff," who can only flit past the world on the way to destruction.

To those whose goods, material and spiritual, lie in the old order, the Karamazovs, protagonists of this disregard for pristine value and sensibilities, must be anathema. For essentially Dostoevsky has shown himself to be the poet of the unconscious powers in the human being, of the demiurge out of whom all desire and action flow. The lives of the Karamazovs are directed inward as well as outward. They are preoccupied with their souls. For them all conventions fade away, standards and the limits of human intercourse hardly exist. They believe in nothing except in the doubtfulness of all belief.

Perhaps then the "downfall of Europe" is to be after all a spiritual drama, a revaluation of values, a rearrangement and re-interpretation of all the symbols of culture. One of the brothers Karamazov is a drunkard, another a woman-hunter, another a fantastic recluse, another a composer of secret and blasphemous poems. These brothers are dangerous men, they may rob and even threaten death, yet, in this new criterion of life to which Dostoevsky gave voice, they were guiltless. As Mr. Hesse says:

The only murderers in this long novel which deals almost exclusively with murder, theft and guilt, the only people guilty of murder are the judge and jury; protagonists of the old, good, preserved order, common citizens and guiltless. They condemn the guiltless Dmitri, they scoff at his guiltlessness, they are judges, they judge God and the world by their code. And just they are in error, just they do fearful injustice, just they become murderers, murderers because of faintheartedness, of fear and narrowness."

Sick as Dostoevsky's vision was, it was prophetic. Already half Europe is, in Mr. Hesse's words, "on the road to chaos, it careers along drunken in its sacred madness on the edge of the abyss, singing drunkenly as Dmitri Karamazov sang. At these songs the good citizen laughs with annoyance; the holy man and the seer hear them with tears."

In our American speech the Karamazovs are a kind of hard guy. They are destroyers because they look

within themselves and find such craving for release that no social forms can be made to contain them. The other sort of hard guy, the callous product of our machine-industrialism, destroys in a different way from theirs. He has cynically—cynically almost at birth—adopted the standards of the civilization which created him; and now he will perhaps destroy that very civilization, he will at least stamp it with his mark. It is possible, though less likely, that the drama he will provoke may be like that of the Karamazovs, an inner drama. Eventually the hard guy may show us whether the word and the affirmation of thought are mightier than the fist and the bludgeon and the machine.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

IN THE CLASSICAL CEMETERY.

I. AN ANCIENT PUSSYFOOT.

AGAVE was drunk when, smeared with the blood of her son and carrying his head upon a spear, she raced in among the barbarian women at Thebes.

Her son, hapless Pentheus, was as drunk, when she slew him, as his mother. Bacchus made him drunk. It was all the fault, as we would say nowadays, of John Barleycorn. Pentheus did not want to spy upon his mother or upon the other women who left their homes and their children for a debauch on the forest slopes of that neighbouring hill. The purpose of Pentheus was to arrest the women if they would not come home. His supreme aim was the capture and punishment of this Bacchus, better known as Dionysus, who introduced the curse of drink into the community; who was followed everywhere by a band of dancing females, and who went travelling about the world as the advance agent of alcoholism. At the climax of the action everybody is drunk. The orgy ends in blood. The purpose of Euripides is achieved—he has produced the greatest argument for prohibition in all literature, the "Bacchantes."

Obvious as all this ought to be, the truth has been buried under a mountain of emendation, commentary and perversion. This obscuration of a masterpiece by mere philologists, taken seriously by the Walter Paters and the Gilbert Murrays, is no trivial item in that long catalogue of catastrophes which makes the history of classical education so exciting. The casual adventurer in the classical cemetery must wonder how a crew so incurious and so sleepy as the scholars of Germany, England and the United States could contrive to extinguish so vital a thing as the masterpiece of the greatest of all prohibitionists. For the "Bacchantes" is so very, very beautiful. Even the pæans to the Demon Rum, trolled by the intoxicated females who long for a drink in some quiet place by night, are as rare as they are relevant. Naturally, these things are dulled by translations, and unintelligible in the "college" editions. A Greek tragedy is the lightest of light reading, in the original. The "Bacchantes" of Euripides is but one illustration of this truth among many, yet between the Weckleins of the German world and their successors in the Anglo-Saxon world, a conspiracy against the human intellect has filled the coffers of textbook publishers with unearned money. They have turned a temperance lesson into a glorification of drink and drunkenness. The only consolation is that the professors who practise this pettifogging can not live on their stipends. They ought to have starved completely long ago.

The purely political consequences of so paradoxical a feature of the thing called classical education are appalling. One illustration is adequate for all purposes. What particularly strikes a reader of the Constitution—our Constitution of these United States—is the internal evidence it affords of being the work of classical scholars. We can tell so much by its unity and its style. It was framed by a generation brought up on the classics. The minds of men saturated with the classics brought on our Revolution precisely as minds saturated with the classics

brought on the French Revolution. In the classics are embedded the principles of democracy, the elements of political liberty, the ethics of revolution. But who to-day can look out upon the American world without being shocked at an ignorance which forever misinterprets freedom, perverts democracy and degrades politics. It is the price we have to pay for the decay of classical education. "Statesmen" who know no classics, whatever pretence they may make to the contrary, undertake to administer the Constitution as if it were the charter of a business corporation. Until there has been a revival of classical studies it will be impossible to produce a generation of political leaders competent to teach the man in the street the true nature of the political heritage of which he is being robbed. Not that classical studies thrive necessarily in universities. That idea belongs with the theory that Christianity can flourish only in the vicinity of a cathedral. Classical studies emerge when liberty and democracy are in peril, when men must go back to first principles. Classical studies owe nothing to pedants who can not see that Agave was drunk. For a demonstration of this, let us return to the Euripidean tragedy of the "Bacchantes" and ascertain what it all really means.

The situation in the play arises from the energy of Dionysus and his woman in the cause of rum. So much having been explained in a prologue and chorus, Euripides introduces us to a pair of old men who are dying for a drink, as we say. The aged Teiresias has learned where they can get a drink. He and Cadmus are to visit the place together. The affair has to be kept quiet. Pentheus, who is running the town of Thebes, is not only an enemy of rum but is peculiarly incensed against the Bacchic stranger, Dionysus, who has set up an illicit distillery outside the city limits. Pentheus sees reason to suspect that scandalous scenes are enacted during the revels of the women on the slopes of Mount Cithæron, where Bacchus, or Dionysus, has set up his bar.

The aged Cadmus is all ready to go on this spree when Teiresias comes knocking at the front door. The two old men have put on the headpieces prescribed by the new cult and they have canes crowned with ivy. Without these appurtenances they would be obliged to return home as thirsty as when they went, for the people running the distillery would refuse them a drink. The state of the law imposed caution upon those who served the customers and distributed the free lunch. The aged pair are congratulating one another upon the prospect before them when Cadmus spies his kinsman Pentheus in the distance. Pentheus is running with all his legs. He had been away from Thebes on some affair connected with the local government, of which he was the executive head, when he heard that Dionysus had come to town. This was bad news. Pentheus was a reformer and somewhat a stickler for Puritanism. In the matter of this Dionysus, there was reason for anxiety. The reputation of Dionysus had preceded him from the cities he had exploited before coming to Thebes. His career had been a long course of rum and revelry. Bands of intoxicated women went at the instigation of this stranger into the homes of married and single alike and led maids, wives and widows to the scene of the orgies.

In the emergency, the preliminary measures of Pentheus had been those of a prudent and efficient mayor. The chief of police had orders to arrest all persons found wandering drunk through the streets. Pentheus himself, in his capacity as a committing magistrate, issued a warrant for the arrest of Dionysus and gave it to a constable to serve without delay. Meanwhile the local penitentiary was crowded with disorderly characters, no longer sober, while the loose females who had arrived in the cause of the Demon Rum were filling the air with drunken choruses and making a din with kettle-drums.

The moment Pentheus caught sight of Teiresias and Cadmus he stopped, stunned. Indeed, the two old men presented a highly ridiculous appearance. Their fawn-skins and their canes crowned with ivy—the stick being

known technically as the *thyrsus*—made them look like a pair of fools. Teiresias in his eagerness to make sure of his drink had put a wreath of ivy on his white hair. Pentheus addressed Cadmus—a member of his own family—in stern terms and waxed indignant at Teiresias. The aged pair returned the most impudent replies. They admitted brazenly their determination to persist in their contemplated orgy. Cadmus even pretended to take seriously the claim of Dionysus that he was in reality the child of Zeus. There had been a scandal in the family over this same Dionysus years before. His mother, Semele, insisted that the paternity of her child was celestial. This claim was ridiculed by the sisters of Semele, Ino and Agave and Autonoe. This precious trio were by this time with the other revellers at the disreputable resort to which Teiresias and Cadmus were so eager to go for that drink.

Pentheus, a very honest man as well as a strict Puritan, laughed to scorn the tale about the divine birth of Dionysus. Cadmus, who was the father of Semele, admitted finally that the scandal in the family might be only too well based upon the facts in the case but he entreated Pentheus to bolster up the lie about Dionysus for the sake of the political effect. It would be such a fine thing to have a god in the family. The members of this family comprised the ring which ran the town of Thebes. Cadmus was in favour of a "wide open" town. Pentheus, who strove for good government, was indignant at this suggestion of abject surrender to the liquor interests. He wanted to know why his warrant for the arrest of Dionysus had not been served. As for those already in jail, they would receive heavy sentences, or, if they reformed, they would be put on probation in respectable Theban homes. But the two old men wanted to hear no more of such talk. They hurried off in the direction of the gin-mill while a lot of drunken women burst in on Pentheus with a toper's chorus.

Spurred by the admonitions of Pentheus, the chief of police lost no further time in laying hands on Dionysus. That reprobate was duly brought before Pentheus for his hearing. (Goethe has the impudence to compare the episode with that of Christ before Pilate). Dionysus was unable to give Pentheus any satisfactory explanation of his business in town. The expedient of Dionysus when he came into conflict with the local authorities of the cities he visited was to fill the police, the magistrates and the women with rum. For the sake of drink, the constabulary of Thebes had dealt too gently already with the agent of the traffic. Pentheus was not amenable to this kind of persuasion. He was what the English call a teetotaler. He promptly committed the prisoner without bail. The jail being already crowded with drunk and disorderly characters, it was necessary to lodge Dionysus in a neighbouring stable. In view of the hubbub in the city and the haste in which the authorities were forced to act, Dionysus was not securely bound. The thongs meant for him were by some mistake laced about the fetlocks of a bull. Dionysus in due time raised a series of howls that brought the drunken women of his suite to the prison. These women were Asiatics. They had been highly successful in promoting the drink-traffic with their debaucheries. All were at this moment so saturated with their potations that not only the ground but the buildings before which they danced and sang seemed to them to be reeling. They cried that there was an earthquake. Dionysus understood perfectly. He managed to get out of the stable. Bidding the besotted females to get up off the ground, where they were lying now in panic and helplessness, he explained that the place was afire or seemed afire through some hocus-pocus of his own. Pentheus, within, was exerting himself to have the flames extinguished. In due time he would emerge, but there was nothing for the women to fear. The advance agent of the liquor-interests would be too much for the prohibitionist who was ruling Thebes.

Pentheus, realizing, apparently, that the alarm of fire was false, ran out on the front steps. He was dumb-

founded at sight of Dionysus. The animated colloquy between them was interrupted by the arrival of a shepherd from Mount Cithæron. This shepherd, like the local police, had already become a tool of the liquor-interests. He favoured Pentheus with a vivid account of the revels of the women on the mountain. Wine, milk-punch and other beverages were served to all comers. Even the shepherds seemed to be pretty drunk. A loose character from the city was running in and out among the women, now only half dressed, many in their bare feet and all with hair streaming in the breeze. An attempt was even made by the rake from town to make captive Agave, the mother of Pentheus himself.

Pentheus now put the whole police-force in motion and called out the militia. He announced his intention of raiding the resort. This prospect was anything but pleasing to Dionysus. He could not afford a triumph for prohibition at the outset of his campaign in Greece. He gave the wink, as we say, to the shepherd from the mountain, who, like so many members of the city government, was in collusion with the forces of evil. This shepherd proposed an expedient to Pentheus. Let him go in disguise to the mountain and see for himself that his impression of the scene was prejudiced.

This consideration had weight with Pentheus. He had the judicial temperament, an open mind. He observed if he did go—his mind was not quite made up yet—he would have to conceal himself in a tree. The shepherd suggested a more subtle expedient. Let Pentheus disguise himself in a woman's clothes. Pentheus was filled with indignation by the mere idea. It was plausibly urged by the shepherd once more. The listening Dionysus realized at once that Pentheus would never, in his sober senses, adopt the device. The thing now was to befuddle him. Pentheus was entreated by the shepherd to go inside the house, which did not seem to have suffered at all from the fire; and as for the earthquake, that was a hallucination of the drunken women, although those silly asses, the professors, can not see the point. Pentheus retired within at last, his mind misgiving him about the whole affair.

No sooner was Pentheus inside the house than Dionysus told his women in high glee that the enemy had fallen into the trap. So much became too obvious when Pentheus emerged at last. He had been made quite drunk. Something fiery had been put stealthily into his drink. He wore the clothes and much of the wardrobe of his aunts. His intoxicated condition was further evinced by his delusion that he saw two houses where only one stood before. To him Dionysus even looked like a bull.

Pentheus was duly involved in the recesses of the forest on the mountain slopes and made to climb a tree. He was, of course, detected by his drunken mother and his drunken aunts, as Dionysus meant that he should be. They surrounded the deluded Pentheus and tore down his place of refuge. He dropped at his mother's feet. Sobered by his peril, Pentheus stripped off his disguise and implored his mother's mercy. She was too drunk to recognize him or to comprehend the situation. The rest of the women, utterly irresponsible after so protracted an orgy, tore Pentheus limb from limb. The sight was too much for the men from the city. One of them raced back to Thebes to tell the tale. He had scarcely finished it when Agave herself reeled in, bearing the head of Pentheus upon a staff. She thought she was carrying the head of a lion she had caught in the forest.

Hardened though they were by the scenes of debauchery they had lived through in their long journey to Greece in the train of the besotted Bacchus, the women from Asia stood aghast at the spectacle presented by Agave. She was besmeared with the blood of her son. She shrieked that she had brought home a wonderful trophy from the hunt. She called for Pentheus to impale the head on a wall of the palace. She announced a grand banquet to celebrate the triumph. They were still trying to bring the poor crazed creature back to her senses when Cadmus, too, came back. Whether he

was able to get his drink or not, he seemed sufficiently sober now. He had witnessed everything. He knew the truth. Servants were bringing home the mangled remains of Pentheus. The distracted old man saw that Agave was still under the influence of drink, but he fancied she might be sobering up. His impression was verified by the event. Agave suddenly recognized the face of her son. In the end Dionysus reappears and talks of his own divinity. Cadmus sees that he must seek a new home. Agave cries that she will go where the drunken revel shall tempt her no more. She will leave to others the singing of pæans to John Barleycorn.

Intelligible as it all is and simple in its power, the pedants have extinguished this masterpiece of Euripides the prohibitionist with the oddest of textual devices. For instance, they have mutilated a whole scene by suppressing the conspiracy of Dionysus with the shepherd to get Pentheus drunk. We are gravely assured that the ancient manuscript erred when it did not put into the mouth of Dionysus all that was said to Pentheus in the scene with the woman's clothes. Without entering into the philological technicalities of this branch of the subject, it may be noted that the vice of this sort of thing lies many a fathom deep. It discredits the classics; and the discredit into which the classics have fallen occasions many an unsuspected ill throughout the body politic—among them the present confusion in the general mind regarding such subjects as democracy, freedom of speech and the liberty to think aloud.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

POETRY.

THE OPIUM FIELDS.

(Lo-Yuan)

They are reaping, reaping the white harvest
Along the fields of sleep;
Their languid eyes are never lifted,
Their dreams are deep.

They are treading, treading out the harvest
As they gather it in—
The silken garments of the poppies
Are pale with sin.

They are hungry, hungry for the harvest,
Piling the garnered sheaves;
The milk-white blood of many poppies
Stains the grey leaves.

They are waiting, waiting for the harvest
Beside enchanted streams;
The bitter harvest of the poppies—
Not bread, but dreams.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER.

GIRLS ON TIPTOE.

Girls on tiptoe—Sappho, you were one:

You reached up and touched the sky, and knew what
it was made of.

You cried out and were a god—what am I afraid of?

Girls on tiptoe—Helen, you were one:

You reached out your hand for love, and knew
what it was made of.

You took pain and joy, and ate—what am I afraid of?

Girls on tiptoe—Joan, you were one:

You did all the voices said, voices I am hearing.

You went out alone and fought—what is there for
fearing?

Girls on tiptoe, standing in a row,

Ghosts beside me on this hill, whispering, "Come,
too!"

I will reach my bare arms up and touch the sky,
like you!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

MISCELLANY.

"LET's give a pageant." How often of late years we have heard these words blithely uttered, and how seldom with any comprehension of their true import! It seems to me that it is about time for somebody to tell the truth about pageants—so called, though strictly speaking the sprawling form of community drama-dance-tableaux-song which we term a pageant is not a pageant at all, for a pageant, of course, was historically a symbolic procession. I have suffered from many pageants in many a sunlit field or shower-threatened wood! I have seen them staged to celebrate the anniversary of the founding of the town, to celebrate the birth of Shakespeare, to coax money for a worthy charity, to inspire "community spirit" in a community that was considerably bewildered and a little indignantly amused by the attempt. But I have never yet seen a pageant that wasn't too long; I have never seen one in which fifty per cent of the spoken words could be heard by the majority of the audience, and I have not seen more than half a dozen—oh, less than that—which artistically justified their production.

Now, I consider myself to be as tolerant of "the uplift" as most people, but I can not get over a deep-seated belief that if an art-product is attempted, the first duty of everybody concerned is to achieve an art-product, and not a neighborhood clean-up day, or an increased "community spirit," or an intensified "local pride," or an historical object lesson. These things are all very well; I've not the slightest objection to them. But when I am asked to contribute my time, my money and my attention to a supposed work of art, I wish first of all to see a work of art. Furthermore, I have a sneaking suspicion that unless it is a work of art, none of these secondary aims is lastingly served. Any local pride or community spirit that arises from transplanting church-parlour tableaux out to the golf links and collecting money for it, seems to me erected on spiritual quicksand.

Now all this is because I have just been to see a pageant which was given in celebration of the founding, two hundred and fifty years ago, of a certain beautiful and, historically, rather notable town. The affair began at 3.30 in the afternoon and ended at 6.30. Several thousand men, women and children witnessed it, sitting on a long grassy slope in the summer sun, and several hundred of the townspeople took part as actors in the affair. They may have enjoyed themselves, though none of them gave any noticeable evidence of their joy, except perhaps the members of the local Legion, who staged as a final tableau the storming of a German trench, and set off huge quantities of gun-cotton and fired off whole wagon-loads of blank shrapnel into the air, causing the children to scream in terror and the women to stop their ears.

But despite these patriotic pleasantries the audience, long before the pageant was over, was frankly bored. Nor could anyone blame them. The spectacle was not dramatic, it was not pictorial, it had no thrill, no rhythm, no unity, no beauty. A group of people, no better trained than any amateurs in any local "theatrical," came out in more or less appropriate costumes from behind the bushes (while all their fellow actors could be plainly seen peering through the shrubbery to watch them), and then with paralyzing deliberateness went through in dumb show an historic episode in the town's history. That over, they got off stage as best they could, and while the brass band (in full view) struck up a Sousa march, another group made ready to come on for the next episode. Thus, we moved languidly from the purchase of the township from the Indians, through the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, down to the late European unpleasantness. Doubtless it was some stumbling instinct for the exciting, the emotionally stirring, which led the projectors of the pageant to picture the history of the town as a constant participation in one war after another, but even that failed of its purpose.

THE chief trouble was, so it seemed to me, that nobody in charge of the affair had properly conceived of a pageant as primarily an appeal to the eye, through which the emotions are reached. In this case not only was no pictorial loveliness achieved, but none was attempted. That the spectators were allowed to get into view at the sides and rear of the stage, that even the participants themselves did not think it necessary to keep out of sight, when they were not acting, that the brass band was not a concealed orchestra, were merely details, a result of this failure to realize the need for pictorial loveliness and illusion. The normal pageant-stage dwarfs the human figure, and human dignity can only be maintained either by the use of large crowds to fill the stage, or else by colour and motion.

STATIC pictures on a pageant-stage, save by way of contrast and emphasis, are generally quite ineffective. The stage must be regarded, so, at least, it seems to me, as a green canvas on which to weave patterns of colour, each perhaps with its symbolic suggestions, and on which to exhibit compositions that form and melt and form again, to the music of drums or flutes or violins, or just the harping of wind in the maple trees. The empty pageant stage is infinite in suggestion, because it is a hushed green glade. But what avails even a hushed green glade if, instead of hidden sweet music, colours like blown autumn leaves, dancers swift as nymphs and fauns, processions moving with the curves of woodland brooks, or logging roads, there emerge to sound and sight the blare of a brass band and a group of melancholy villagers self-conscious and uncomfortable in clothes salvaged from the attic? It is merely tiresome and a little pathetic.

THE truth of the matter is, of course, that far from being something which can ordinarily be communally staged, a proper pageant can be achieved only under a dictatorship—there must always be one supreme director who is absolute master over every detail. Far from being something easy and simple to “write,” a pageant is quite as difficult to conceive as a three-act play, though actual authorship has little to do with its conception and the pictorial imagination a great deal. A true pageant is an extremely lovely and satisfying form of art, and must inevitably react wholesomely on all who take part therein; but, alas! what pass for pageants over our broad land are mostly of no more value to the participants and of even less interest to the spectators than were the “theatricals” which the village dramatic club used to give in the town hall.

JOURNEYMAN.

ART.

THE EXPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT.

It would be interesting to speculate as to the reasons why an occasional trivial leak into American periodical literature is the slight and sole sign among us of any public interest in the expressionist movement that has inundated Central Europe and, via France, is steadily permeating the entire Continent. Of course it can never be forgiven that the leaders of this movement (even though they were Russians) actually worked in Germany. On the same excellent grounds even the competent Max Klinger, with his equally or more competent “Beethoven,” got very little rise out of us—and Klinger had to die to get that. However, in spite of all this, the subject seems to me a very attractive one and well worth writing about.

Expressionism might be said to be more a slogan than an art-principle. Under its banner are enlisted painters, sculptors, poets, dramatists, musicians and architects with widely differing technique and aims, who are bound together by the common desire for expression untrammelled, not merely by certain traditions

but by any tradition. Even the doyen of the group, Franz Marc, were he still living, would hardly require of matriculants that they produce a degree in futurism as an entrance-requirement. The thing is simpler than that. It is only that a genuine international spirit in art has rejuvenated and drawn closer together various jaded and apathetic groups all over Europe.

Futurism in Italy, almost moribund through dadaism, has received new life. A little group of Norwegians headed by Munch has taken new courage. Picasso and his disciples have discovered a new meaning in themselves and their work. And other coteries in different parts of Europe likewise are drawing new inspiration and new faith from the nucleus of leaders and disciples in Germany.

And what then is this expressionism? It is perhaps rather amusing to compare the curiously different definitions that its adherents have devised. This is a good sign. Any movement that is too easily tagged is fated to die early. Perhaps Max Deri's phrase, “to use natural forms for the purpose of intense expression of emotion,” is as good as any: although, perhaps, this is too narrow a characterization, for much expressionistic work is founded but remotely on natural forms, and conforms only to the canons of the artist's inner personal response.

Expressionism might be dubbed the male and impressionism the female attitude in art. For one can not stress too strongly the principle that, as impressionism reflects the imprint of natural objects on the artist's mind, so expressionism reflects his subjective and emotional answer to these objects. Thus we have, what all expressionists would doubtless rabidly deny, a new romanticism. For this type of expression is based on a sort of personification of emotions; and any emotion so perfected thus becomes romantic.

Various writers, notably Deri¹, Worringer², Kreitmaier³, and even Bahr⁴ (whose profound sophistication could not be deterred even by preoccupation with Neo-Catholicism from enthusiastic adherence) have traced in minute detail the genesis and ramifications of the movement. While the immediate germinating influence came principally from Russia and is essentially mystical, the remoter sources of the expressionistic spirit are traced back by different writers to the early masters of painting and even to the crude art of savage races.

Innumerable parallels from the history of art are adduced. Dürer's intense love of objective nature for its own sake is contrasted with Grünewald's release of his inner emotion by his expression of natural objects. The advance of Cézanne and Hodler in resolving expressions of figures and landscapes into pure rhythms, one of the languages of emotion, is dwelt upon. In this way one ancient idol after another is claimed as a potential expressionist. The inclusion in the expressionistic fold of different contemporaneous groups of painters, musicians, poets, dramatists, architects and others artists⁵ is insisted on. Thus to its devotees expressionism really does become a co-ordinating prin-

¹ Naturalismus, Idealismus, Expressionismus. Max Deri. “Einführung in die Kunst der Gegenwart.” Leipzig: E. A. Seeman.

² Natur und Expressionismus. Wilhelm Worringer. “Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.” Darmstadt.

³ “Vom Expressionismus.” Josef Kreitmaier. Freiburg: Stimmen der Zeit.

⁴ “Expressionismus.” Hermann Bahr. München: Delphin-Verlag.

⁵ “Über Expressionismus in der Malerei.” von Wilhelm Hausenstein. Berlin: E. Reiss.

Die Expressionistische Bewegung in der Musik. Arnold Schering.

“Einführung in die Kunst der Gegenwart.” Leipzig: E. A. Seeman.

Eindrucks-kunst und Ausdruckskunst in der Dichtung. Oskar Walzel. “Einführung in die Kunst der Gegenwart.” Leipzig: E. A. Seeman.

Die Bühnenkunst der Gegenwart. Alvin Kronacher. “Einführung in die Kunst der Gegenwart.” Leipzig: E. A. Seeman.

“Expressionismus und Architektur.” Fritz Schumacher. “Dekorative Kunst.” München.

ciple—a guiding star whose faint, dawning rays feebly lighted even the beginnings of art, waxed gradually and steadily through its naturalistic, permutative and idealistic phases and whose heartening beams fall today from the zenith of an expressionistic heaven upon a triumphant band of zealots.

Aside from their very real achievement there is something impressive in the enthusiasm and joy of these men who have carried the expressionistic colours to victory after a fight only less dogged than the world war, which, it may be noted, was synchronous with their bitterest struggles. And to my mind, no artist or art-lover, whatever be his personal predilections, can afford to ignore, as we in this country seem to be ignoring, the vital contributions to artistic expression that these men and their followers have made and are making.

Among the most significant of these leaders is Kandinsky, a Russian born in Moscow, who went over to the German secessionists, and whose desire to achieve absolute effects from colour distinguishes so much of his work. For him the inner necessity of art lies in the spirit and not in the senses. His canvasses are usually numbered (like an *opus* of a musician), are called "compositions," or are similarly labelled. And indeed the end he seeks is much the same as that of the musician.

The following description, rather grandiloquent perhaps, of one of Kandinsky's arrangements, written by an ardent admirer, Oskar Bie, may give some idea of the artist's method.

Yellow planes invaded by furious black strokes. These thicken into balls, out of which flows a sea of blue-green inks. The sea darkens into red, and runs away in myriad rivulets, only to unite again in a paradise of all the colours of the spectrum. Here they disport themselves gaily, improvise dreams of love, intone dithyrambs of Elysian bliss, and finally calm down into the same yellow from which it all proceeded and is pervaded.

A similar panegyric could well be evoked by other of Kandinsky's canvasses. Kandinsky has been a powerful intellectual force in the movement; his poetry, and plays such as "The Yellow Sound," contributing with his paintings to expressionistic influence and fulfillment.

Franz Marc, a victim of the war, began with faithful depictions of natural forms, principally animals, and from an impressionistic bias came naturally into the expressionistic movement as the rhythms of animal motion grew to mean more to him than the objective forms of the animals themselves. He thus began to paint what he termed the nature of the animal. For example, the horse to him would appear to mean the feeling of architecture, and hence his "Tower of Blue Horses," which is a purely subjective decoration. "Pferde," another horse-suggestion, even in reproduction secures from the observer a feeling of satisfying form and structure-rhythm. Instead of painting dogs he strove to express "doggishness." His "Wolfe," with its tense, strained wild bodies and equally tense bars and masses that are worked into the design, is obviously intended to depict not wolves but "wolfishness." And so with foxes, fish and other animals taken as suggestions. Marc's untimely death deprived the movement of a strong executive who possessed a genius for organization.

Kokoscha, with a very different technique from either of the preceding, although his colour is also "musical" in the same sense that Kandinsky's is, attempts emotionally to express the human soul. His portraits and figures are representations of the feeling people give him. His "Damenbildnis," recently

published in a beautiful reproduction, "Die Freunde," and other work of his I have seen, also in reproduction, impart a curious sense of being the artist's pure reaction to stimulating people. Kokoscha's use of words as a medium results in strange effects. One of his plays, on being produced, proved to be entirely beyond public comprehension and was something in the nature of a literary scandal. It was only by his personality and fine good humour that the author managed to disarm an indignant audience on the occasion of its single performance.

Probably Marc Chagall, another Russian, may be selected to stand with the foregoing as equally representing the essence of expressionism. Chagall's work strikes one at first as being awkward, stiff, and stupidly primitive—"a peasant gone insane." But a mysticism as deep as Kandinsky's breathes from his canvases. More than Kandinsky he clings to the partial or fulfilled representation of natural objects, but it is soon seen that these are to the artist only the symbols of universal harmony of feeling. "Ich und das Dorf," for example, conveys a beautiful sense of village tension and peace.

Among the younger men, Pechstein¹ stands out by virtue both of his technical sweep and capacity for emotion. A very fine colour reproduction of his "Schlafendes Kind" in a recent number of the *Illustrirte Zeitung* furnishes a satisfactory example of his depicted response to childhood. Heckel, whose "Irrenhaus" cries "madness" to us; Nolde, whose honest "Die törichten Jungfrauen" has been published; Meidner, whose "Bildnis" and like things proclaim him to be a disciple of Kokoscha; Campendonck, whose "Intérieur," to name one example, suffices to group him with Chagall, and many other new names as significant might be discussed at length if one had unlimited space at one's disposal.

Obviously these men are striving for an immediacy of emotional expression. To this end they employ a pictorial evaluation of external forms as an index of the response of the self to the not-self. It is the poet's construct of his universe. Reality for him exists in emotion, not in idea or volition. And the hope of expressionism is to give, not the invasion of the artist through his senses, but his projection of his own ego through colour, form, line, sound or words.

It may quite fairly be pointed out that these remarks are also true of ordinary dyed-in-the-wool futurism. But let us look more simply at this new movement. In art, as in taxonomy, species-splitting has at last had its day. A dynamic conception of a group has supplanted the micro-anatomical formula. So in *expressionismus* there has been found room for a Picasso as well as a Marinetti, a Schönberg as well as a von Hoffmannsthal. For the expulsive urge of the musician and the poet is as imperative as that of the pictorial artist. "Elektra," "Wie ein Tier," and "Opus 16" rightly belong with "Irrenhaus" and "Der Dichter." And—*mirabile dictu*—"over there" the people receive them gladly.

So, who can tell, perhaps some day our gallant but despised "modern" painters, our mad and homeless "new" poets, our desolate Leo Ornsteins, yet, even all our artists who, charged with the hideous blasphemy of trying to express themselves instead of things, are to-day facing the disapproval of the American Holy Office, may find themselves enrolled with honour under the banner of expressionism which, when it has been approved by Europe for a decade or two, will doubtless become *de rigueur* over here.

¹ Max Pechstein und die Expressionismus. Eduard Pleitsch. "Licht und Schatten." Berlin.

Even an enthusiast would hardly deem such a spontaneous forward step as expressionism to be final. It is, however, a bracing and beautiful adventure, to experience which would make our life more worth living. But I fear it is hardly for us. A few of our generation will wait, enviously watching from afar the one blessed compensation that the world-war has ushered in—a new courage in art.

C. KAY SCOTT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

SIRS: Yesterday I laid aside my *Freeman* and, stirred by vague reminiscence, sought out a volume greatly prized in my youth, but which has stood too long neglected upon my shelf. I refer to "The Chinese Empire," by M. Huc, formerly missionary apostolic in China; published in London in 1885 by Messrs. Longman, Green & Co. I know not whether this wise book is much read in these days. But I am sure that it deserves attention now no less than formerly. M. Huc was an intrepid traveller who looked upon the world with a catholic eye and told sensibly what he saw. I wish he were alive to-day to travel to Russia. I should believe his report. He knew where to avoid error. In the preface to this book he gently explains the failings of those travellers who "see little" and "write much." "Very frequently they have drawn largely in their writings from the accounts of embassies, which unfortunately are regarded as great authorities."

But it was another passage for which the *Freeman* sent me in search. I find it on page 96, vol. I (mine is the second edition). "When they are not under the influence of any revolutionary movement," observed M. Huc, "the Chinese are not at all inclined to meddle with affairs of government."

In 1851, at the period of the death of the Emperor Tao-kouang, we were travelling on the road from Peking, and one day, when we had been taking tea at an inn in company with some Chinese citizens, we tried to get up a little political discussion.

We spoke of the recent death of the Emperor, an important event which, of course, must have interested everybody. We expressed our anxiety on the subject of the succession to the Imperial throne, the heir to which was not yet publicly declared. 'Who knows,' said we, 'which of the three sons of the Emperor will have been appointed to succeed him? If it should be the eldest, will he pursue the same system of government? If the younger, he is still very young; and it is said there are contrary influences, two opposing parties, at court—to which will he lean?' We put forward, in short, all kinds of hypotheses, in order to stimulate these good citizens to make some observation. But they hardly listened to us. We came back again and again to the charge, in order to elicit some opinion or other, on questions that really appeared to us of great importance. But to all our piquant suggestions, they replied only by shaking their heads, puffing out whiffs of smoke, and taking great gulps of tea.

This apathy was really beginning to provoke us, when one of these worthy Chinese, getting up from his seat, came and laid his two hands on our shoulders in a manner quite paternal, and said, smiling rather ironically—

'Listen to me, my friend. Why should you trouble your heart and fatigue your head by all these vain surmises? The Mandarins have to attend to these affairs of State; they are paid for it. Let them earn their money, then. But don't let us torment ourselves about what does not concern us. We should be great fools to want to do political business for nothing.'

'That is very comfortable to reason,' cried the rest of the company; and thereupon they pointed out to us that our tea was getting cold and our pipes were out.

I am, etc.,

Boston, Mass.

MAURICE FONTAINE.

SELLING THE NEXT WAR.

SIRS: I fear, that Mr. Anderson suffers from an overdose of optimism when he says in his article in your issue of 15 September: "The rulers of the earth know that everything depends on public opinion, and the stuff of opinion has somehow slipped from their grasp." This presupposes a disillusionment in the powers that be, which the average man in America does not feel. To him the mission of the United States in the world war has been entirely fulfilled. That mission was no other than to help in the destruction of the military monster that was threatening all of Europe, and was already stretching one of its steely tentacles towards America. To make the world safe for democracy meant nothing to the average public opinionator; it was another one of those abstract formulæ that touched his life nowhere. Even to-day he hardly notices the discrepancies that exist between the terms of the Treaty of Versailles and the high-sounding war aims of the Allies.

Then why should it be so difficult to arouse public opinion in favour of another war, and to do so by the very avenues

of propaganda that functioned so efficiently only a short time ago? In Europe, I admit the job would be impossible at the present time. But in America, all we have to do is to wait until the glories of our achievements in the late war have been sufficiently impressed on the minds of our school-children, and our boys of sixteen have reached the age of twenty. I am, etc.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BERSOHN.

WASHINGTON PAPERS PLEASE COPY.

SIRS: I wish you would ring up Mr. Bainbridge Colby on the telephone one day and tell him of what the Chinese Government has just done with the eminent Prince Koudachev, who has been serving as Russian ambassador to China since his appointment to that office by the Tsar several years ago. Mr. Colby may be glad to know the happy Chinese formula for the Prince's dismissal—these Orientals can teach us all so much in the pleasant ways of life. Says the Chinese Foreign Office in its detached and meditative way: "In view of the non-representative status of the Russian legation a voluntary cessation of the functioning of the legation and of the Russian consulate would be welcomed." Prince Koudachev has of course taken the hint and has politely informed the Chinese foreign ministry that he will retire at an early date. Does not Mr. Colby think that he would have as much luck with his own Baron Bakhmetiev? I am, etc.,

Springfield, Mass.

CECIL WESTERLEY.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN ENGLAND.

SIRS: It would appear to us in England that most of the information published about us in American papers is calculated to make all Americans think that we are either an intolerably frivolous and empty-headed people or else detestably imperialistic, hating everyone who isn't born in this country, or patronizing them if they happen to be our allies. The truth is, however, that a new spirit is growing up amongst us, a spirit which finds no reflection in your papers, and very little in our own. This spirit of humanitarianism and internationalism may be at present somewhat crude and uninstructed, but it is creative and will build a nobler civilization than any we have yet seen; and perhaps the strangest fact about it is, that it has arisen and been nurtured wholly amongst the working-classes. I am, etc.,

London, England.

F. H. L.

TAXATION WITH MISREPRESENTATION.

SIRS: It is a commonplace, of course, that our politicians are past praying for, that their futility and folly run deeper than ever plummet sounded; but most of us have given them credit for a certain ability in thimble-rigging and dust-throwing and window-dressing, and above all in the possession of a certain sense of self-preservation. But even of these admirable qualities the gentlemen in Albany, New York, seem to be entirely bereft. At a time of acute crisis in the housing of the people of the State, our legislators, save the mark! can find nothing better to do than debate what shall be done with the five Socialists who have just been re-elected to office by overwhelming majorities. Thus Albany gives us the true measure of political government as we know it to-day in this country. Houseless and homeless though we may be, we can at least be grateful to the eminent know-nothings in Albany for disclosing to the dullest mind among us that the great principles of government to which they adhere are "how not to do it" and "taxation with misrepresentation." I am, etc.,

L. P.

THE NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE IN MONTANA.

SIRS: At the recent Presidential primaries an astute political figure in Montana politics captured the party for Hiram Johnson with Non-partisan delegates to the Chicago convention. The Republicans then pranced about like a short-tailed bull in fly-time, to the great glee of the Democrats. Then last week at our state primaries the Non-partisans chose to enter their candidates on the Democratic ticket and they swept the state in every county but Lewis and Clark, whose county seat is Helena, the state capital.

During the progress of the state primary campaign the Republican spell-binders searched with moroseness for suitable words with which to caricature the farmers and their Non-partisan League, calling them "reds," bolshevists and other dreadful species of human *animalcula*. Now that the farmers and the League have completely captured the Democratic party with an overwhelming vote, larger than that polled by the Republicans, the Republicans, fearful of the

results, come back with a patronizing platform, hoping to win their support by this sop. Orthodox members of both parties are equally guilty in the matter of abuse, in fact I never knew the English language to be capable of such possibilities. And now the old parties are swinging the censer of devotion to the farmer when he has practically accomplished his aim without the help of either. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. I don't see how any combination can defeat the Non-partisan League candidates at the coming general elections in Montana. I am, etc.,
J. P. A.

SWORDS OR PLOUGHSHARES?

SIRS: Have you noticed that the Mennonites who are now in Canada are considering the advisability of moving into this country and settling in the State of Mississippi, because in Canada their desire to teach German to their children will not be allowed by the authorities? As these people are pacifists in religion they were exempt from military service during the war. And now sundry newspapers in Mississippi are protesting against their coming. It is claimed that the lives and property of these settlers will be protected and that they will give nothing adequate in return, notwithstanding the undisputed fact that they are very industrious and moral. Surely here we come to the crossroads. Which do we want, more soldiers or more farmers? I am, etc.,

K. P.

BOOKS.

A REVENANT OF THE 'NINETIES.

THE almost convulsive expression of introspective morbidity that is so wholly the core of Arthur Symons's art is as good an illustration as any of the transience of the literary mode. His "Lesbia and Other Poems," a book which it may not be doubted is largely made up of pieces rescued from the green oblivion of thirty years ago, brings home to the reader how far the Time-Spirit has moved on from the period in which Symons was a vital force. Once he was a dominating figure; his mode was the fashion. The period that shaped his maturity has, however, been relegated to the scrap-heap of outworn things and it is difficult to find any disciples of what we term the Yellow 'Nineties. For those of us who were so young as to be tragic in those years there is a deal of sentiment hidden away in our hearts concerning them. If we conceal our thoughts and mutter foolishly about how sincerely the young poets and writers of those days expressed their insincerity, be very sure we do so with a difference. The 'nineties left their mark; they are not to be regretted now.

The period may have been coloured by a certain flower extravagantly praised by the tragic comedian of Tite Street and the cover of a quarterly edited by Henry Harland, but beneath the artificial hues ran the deep rivers of an authentic spiritual mood. France, the France of Paul Verlaine, of Stephane Mallarmé, of Charles Baudelaire, of Olivier Metra's valse and Yvette Guilbert's chansons, of La Melinite's bright heels and Manet's women, was the influence behind it all. Some of these influences were old and made a belated entrance, but they were there nevertheless. The figures of the 'nineties pass like a strange phantasmagoria now. Heading the procession was Oscar Wilde, called by Arthur Symons "an artist in attitudes." It can not be doubted that he set the mode for all that was artificial during the decade. And there was the thin and despairing voice of Ernest Dowson, the pallid prose of Hubert Crackanthorpe, the perverse drawings of Aubrey Beardsley, the outcry of John Davidson. It was the era of bicycles and bloomers, of *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy*, of Lollie Collins's red skirt and "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay." Who remembers "Daisy Bell" and "After the Ball"? What was Leonard

Smithers publishing? Who was about to repent and join the Catholic Church?

But there was more than that. Other influences were working their way in. There were Kipling and Shaw and Lionel Johnson and all the Irish group. The atmosphere was heavy with sulphurous fumes of an alien incense from France, but the England of Henley's young men, of William Watson, of even George Meredith, was still plunging on toward undiscovered goals. And in art there were Will Rothenstein and Charles Conder to combat the influence of Beardsley. Neither must Max Beerbohm be forgotten, even though he was writing defences of cosmetics in those days.

"Lesbia and Other Poems" brings it all back, for Arthur Symons has apparently stood still while time has progressed. He is as much *fin de siècle* (to use an outworn phrase) as he was in 1896. In this book (and it may be his last as a poet unless more fugitive pieces are dredged up) the entire man stands revealed. It is a sad spectacle, for it shows the triumph of time and transitory things over a nature that was sensitively attuned to the most delicate vibrations and impressions. There has been doubt as to whether Symons the poet would outlast Symons the prose-writer, but there can be no doubt but that the man's poetry is the man himself. The note is monotonously melancholy at times but it is never insincere and never forced.

Above all things the weariness of love persists, a love that fatigues the soul as well as the body. This fatigue has been aptly called by Symons himself a malady of the soul. From it his spiritual dolours rise. It is the note of regret, a despairing regret for all beautiful and piteous and passing things. The transience of time obsesses it, for continually the ghosts of dead ideals come back to haunt him. The melancholy of Arthur Symons grows at times into a misty, Watteau-like sadness. It is as though some one were playing a tinkling air of Rameau on some old harpsichord in a room blue with the smokes of twilight. In "Dreams" he cries.

Tired out with grieving over love,
Love once so kind, so cruel grown,
I wake into an alien day
Of near oblivion.
The white dawn gathers, aching white:
Surely I had ill dreams last night?

For, lying drowsily awake,
Desiring only to forget,
Remembered joys return in grief,
Kisses remembered yet,
Her lips on mine, her lips now mine
No more, or now no more divine.

Breathed on and dimmed, that face still haunts
The mirror of my memory;
Her face—but ah, it is these tears
That hide her face from me.
Oh Memory, from my heart remove
Even the memory of love!

It is a mode that has become a thing of the past now. The delicate sighs, the despairing gestures, the desolate acceptance of the passing of beauty (so true of the 'nineties) has changed to an attitude that no longer holds the reader. Whether it is due to the renaissance of Whitman, the elaborate experimentations with new verse-forms, or the vitally aroused interest in contemporary life, the poet no longer turns wholly within himself for his inspiration. He no longer sighs about his own moods, because he is too busily engaged in dissecting the moods of those about him. The Ivory Tower has crashed down into the turbulent sea of modernity.

¹ "Lesbia and Other Poems." Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The symbolic significance of artificial things is strong in the work of Arthur Symons. Rings, jewels, flowers, rouge, patchouli, music halls, ballets, all the sophisticated sadness of passing time, cry out their messages to him. It is a source of unceasing pity to him that beautiful things must go. He is so much a part of this world with all its temporal illusions that he can not turn to the eternal things for any peace or comfort. Memories come back to him with little things. He can build a tragedy about the cast-off rings of a woman once loved.

I know you by the voices of your rings:
Unhappy and inevitable things
Cry to me in their shining silence; each
Has its own fatal and particular speech.
There is a ring with rubies that I hate:
You wear it often, and it lies in wait
Like an assassin, shooting fire at me
When your pale finger seeks it lingeringly.
Two rings I watch for, hoping, half in dread,
To see the one; but if I see instead,
Worn on the third left finger, and alone,
A certain old poor ring with a blue stone,
I pity first myself, as lovers do,
Then I forget all else, and pity you.

One virtue of Arthur Symons's poetry (and it is an integral part of his prose, too,) is his ability to capture the souls of places. Wherever he goes, and he has been in many and strange places, the spirit of the surroundings takes hold of him and his mood is coloured by it. Each city, each street of frowning or smiling houses, every beach that fronts the crumpled surf of the sea, meadows in placid green and the bird-infested loneliness of woods react upon him. His is a delicate organism, quivering to the touch of time and place. Like some strange instrument he is played upon. The place translates itself into him and he translates himself into the place. He is the perfect impressionist.

The excellence of his work has always been so high that it is disappointing to note a number of lapses in "Lesbia and Other Poems." Who would think, for instance, that he would allow such a banal verse as

I see the lady of my dream:
'Tis she, I am not here in vain.
Her body's rhythm, and the gleam
Her eyes are lit with—this is Spain!

One mutters, "So this is Paris!" and passes on. Then there are several pieces which have appeared in different guise in previous books. "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins" may be found in much better shape in "Images of Good and Evil," for instance. And "Pierrot" is to be discovered in an earlier book in more perfect form. One guesses that these inclusions are the first drafts of the poems that have already been published and that they have been dug out of forgotten desk-drawers to swell the volume of this new book. It is a perilous thing to dredge up all of one's old, forgotten and suppressed work; one hopes that Arthur Symons will not find it necessary to do very much more of it.

The book as a whole, however, is extremely interesting for the vivid manner in which it recovers the lost spirit of the 'nineties. It is an illustration of how times have changed and how the great roadway of art has opened to newer and more vital scenes. The 'nineties are behind us; we can not go back to them. And neither can Arthur Symons escape from them and come forward with us, for he is essentially a part of that decade. It is in his blood and brain and any estimate of him must relegate him to that period. This is no disgrace, for the importance of the 'nineties is not to be disparaged. They existed and time may not erase them.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

THE INDISCRETIONS OF MR. BLUNT.

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT is an English gentleman in the narrowest British definition of the term. As a young man he entered the diplomatic service of his country, and though he did not long remain in that career for the reason that his naturally sensitive instincts were stronger than those of his class, all his life has been passed in the most intimate contact with the "best people," most of whom are happily unconscious of such scruples as have turned him into the severest and most authoritative critic of British imperialism. The two volumes entitled "My Diaries" which Mr. Blunt has now published are of the first importance to all who are interested in the secret of England's greatness. These notes in diary form of conversations and reflections during the last thirty years are the result of the author's prolonged and friendly intercourse with the privileged groups who control the policies domestic and foreign of the British Empire. They are worth a ton of conscious propaganda by destructive critics, for their worth lies in the deadly significance of the writer's dispassionate accounts of what his friends and acquaintances said and did. Here we see the English gentleman as he is when he can relax, and is no longer obliged to dissemble for the edification of the plain people whom he has taught to ape him. The atmosphere is that of a series of aristocratic clubs, whose members are interchangeable, and who have secured for themselves complete immunity from outside interference or criticism. While the public amuses itself with the illusion of political freedom, the oligarchy governs by mutual arrangement amongst the various groups and individuals composing it.

One of the most interesting entries in these Diaries seems strangely to have escaped the attention of the scribes who have portrayed for us the lineaments of the late Lord Kitchener. Writing on 27 April, 1899, Mr. Blunt set down the following:

On my way back from London in the evening we travelled by accident with D—, who as usual was full of interesting talk. He told us with little pressing and on promise not to give him away, the true history of the Mahdi's head. The mutilation of the body seems to have come of a mere bit of rowdy nonsense on the part of certain young English officers. He says it has long been the custom of the members of White's Club who are in the army to bring back trophies from any wars they may be engaged in, and to present them to the Club. He, D—, had jokingly proposed to E—W— to bring back the Mahdi's toe-nails from the coming campaign. Kitchener, on this hint, seems to have fancied having the Mahdi's head for himself to make an inkstand of, and gave Gordon the order to dig the body up and keep the head for him. This accordingly was done, and at the same time finger-nails were taken by some of the younger officers. . . . He says he had the whole account of the thing in detail from W—, and that Kitchener received the head from Gordon, who was charged with the destruction of the tomb, and he actually had it (he, Kitchener) as an inkstand until Cromer wrote about it, when he 'put it behind the fire.'

Needless to say, when Mr. Blunt tried to draw attention in England to this pretty pleasantry the whole affair was officially denied. But in his second volume he notes a conversation many years later with Gordon's sister, who confirmed the truth of the story, except that she asserted that the head was ultimately reburied.

All Mr. Blunt's references to the people chiefly concerned with the European war make curious reading in the light of what actually happened. Apropos of the Hohenzollerns, Mr. Blunt writes in 1901:

The new hero in England just now is the Emperor William, whom all abused and laughed at four years ago, and whose boots people are now licking. There is nothing so mean in the world as the British mob, unless it be the British aristocracy.

The appointment in 1906 of Sir Edward Grey as Secretary for Foreign Affairs is noted as a disaster because of his lack of qualifications: "He has only once been abroad," writes Mr. Blunt, "and then only to Paris, and he speaks not a word of French or any foreign

¹ "My Diaries: Being a Personal Record of Events 1888-1914." Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. London: Martin Secker.

language." In view of the caste privileges claimed by the British Foreign Office, on the alleged ground of the expert training of the oligarchy who monopolize it, this news has an added piquancy. But more vital is the entry of 1911, when Mr. Blunt records a conversation with Lord Curzon, telling of the plans for war against Germany: "George (i. e., Curzon) declares that he has seen the plans for military railways already made in Switzerland in accordance with an arrangement concluded some years ago with the Swiss government." The inducement offered to the Swiss for their co-operation was that the "Swiss government was to be rewarded on the Italian frontier with . . . portions of the Italian Kingdom." Presumably, if Italy had remained faithful to her alliance with the Central Empires, our tears and prayers might have been asked for "gallant little Switzerland."

"I knew enough," Mr. Blunt writes after the declaration of war in 1914, "of our Foreign Office ways and past doings to be quite certain that the reasons put forward by Grey and Asquith . . . were not and could not be the real reasons." The obligation of honour to fight for Belgium he describes as "good as a forensic argument, but quite untrue in fact." According to Mr. Blunt, "the neutrality of Belgium was already a by-word in the European Chancelleries for obsolete ineffectiveness as long ago as when I myself was in diplomacy (and I left in 1870)." He states that the obligation of helping France "concerned the honour of three members only of Asquith's Cabinet, who alone were aware of the exact promises that had been made." This secret understanding, so characteristic of English official methods, was found to fail as a convincing argument by the British Cabinet. "It was then that Asquith," says Mr. Blunt, "with his lawyer's instinct, at a second Cabinet, brought forward the neutrality of Belgium as a better plea . . . to lay before a British jury" and so obtained the consent of the Cabinet and the people for intervention.

As far as they go, these volumes supply invaluable clues, which any intelligent observer will know how to interpret. The author's pen-pictures of his friends who have done so much for the spread of British democracy are drawn with a tranquil accuracy which enhances their revelatory power. These diaries may be particularly recommended to the foreigner, whose land is not favoured by the attention of so secure and expert an oligarchy as that of the English governing class. Whatever the reader's politics may be he will read these pages with profit. On the one hand he will learn how discretion and good form have saved England from the fate of countries unhappily deprived of government by gentlemen, and this knowledge may lead him to pray for the power thus to maintain all the evils and abuses of more ingenuous governments, while at the same time enjoying a reputation for surpassing virtue. On the other hand, disaffected persons will note the subtle quality of the British official antidote to real freedom, and take measures accordingly for its defeat.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

SCHOLARS AND GENTLEWOMEN.

THE galaxy of the learned ladies of England who lived during the century which lies between 1650 and 1760 includes but a small number who may be said to deserve the title of blue-stocking. Dudleya North might have provided a text for a sermon against feminine study, having "emaciated herself" and finally dying, as her Uncle Roger coldly remarked, through her application to Greek, Latin, and Oriental languages. But among the others there were not many whose devotion to pure learning was so single-minded. Elizabeth Elstob certainly belongs to the smaller group, the *indefessa comes* of her learned brother, herself a student of Anglo-Saxon, a translator, and the first compiler of an Old English grammar in the modern tongue. Ann Baynard was flatteringly known as a "nervous and subtle disputant" in the "hard and knotty arguments of meta-

physical learning," and Mary Collyer, Elizabeth Cooper, and Charlotte Lennox each pushed out into new fields and added to the sum of critical knowledge; the last named was noteworthy also as a poet and novelist.

Perhaps the most striking fact about the larger group which Miss Reynolds describes so entertainingly in her volume, "The Learned Lady in England" is the wide range and catholicity of their interests. Mrs. Cockburn, for example, was poet, playwright, and controversialist in theology, Anne Killigrew was painter, poet, and maid of honour to Mary of Modena; Mary Astell, Lady Winchelsea, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague were all women of the larger world with a corresponding variety and range of interests.

The learned lady of Miss Reynolds's rich compilation was not on the whole a specialist in knowledge; the time was hardly ripe for the definite limitation. She was rather a pioneer in self-expression. In some instances her claim happened to be simply for the right to study, but more frequently it appeared as a sturdy insistence upon the privilege of adventuring into untried and inviting fields. The composite portrait of the learned lady of those days would include not only students of language and champions of the education of women, but some of the first actresses, novelists and biographers, an early independent traveller like Celia Fiennes, women who assumed difficult administrative burdens, letter-writers of unusual charm, like Dorothy Osborne. The personal types which appear are of the most diverse, such as the irrepressible and doubtful Mrs. Behn, Susannah Wesley, mother of nineteen children, school-mistress of her family, and religious leader. Along with women of distinguished families there are provincials like Mrs. Pix—known in caricature as "Mrs. Wellfed"—and a romantic adventurer like Mrs. Centlivre, who finally married Queen Anne's pastry-cook.

More often than not the learned lady seems to have married; but perhaps she merely rose to recognition and remembrance the more easily for that fact, since the "superannuated virgin" was held in considerable contempt in her period. She was occasionally the head of a great household, and though its management sometimes bored her, as it always bored the interesting and eccentric Duchess of Newcastle, on the whole she seems to have enjoyed the domestic arts. In "The Lives of the Norths" the ladies of the family are pictured at their tasks of embroidery and tapestry, listening to romances and discussing them, and finally forming an order of wit and learning. There are suggestions in plenty of a similar background in many English families with a similar atmosphere of cultivation; and by the end of the century, handwork of the most varied and ingenious—and often unlovely—kinds had been added to the use of the needle. Japanning, carving in wood and ivory, and paper-cutting were the favourite tasks. Patchwork screens and extraordinary elaborations in wool and mohair were created, an apogee being reached in shell-grottoes. Mrs. Delany, an honoured member of the literary set in Dublin, made carpets and worked in chenille and designed a chapel ceiling in cards and shells, and at the age of seventy-two began an herbal of coloured papers whose artificial flowers were said to have been so beautiful and accurate as hardly to be distinguished from the product of nature.

Even when she was not strictly domestic the learned lady was seldom a recluse, and she often led an eventful and complex life. Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Barber, were all put to the most difficult shifts in their efforts to attain a professionalism in writing; their careers were more or less chequered. Lady Fanshawe was never removed from the world of political intrigue in spite of her long residence abroad—each of her fourteen children was born in a different city. Lucy Hutchinson wrote of her translation of six books of Lucretius that she accomplished this task

¹ "The Learned Lady in England, 1650-1760. Myra Reynolds. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

in a room where my children practised their several qualities they were taught with their tutors, and I numbered the syllables of my translation by the threads of the canvas I wrought in, and set down with a pen and ink that stood beside me.

Throughout her whole career Mrs. Hutchinson seems to have adapted herself to difficult conditions. After 1642 Colonel Hutchinson became definitely committed to the cause of the Puritans, and for his wife, effort succeeded anxious effort. She was forced into the rôle of surgeon at the siege of Nottingham; and in the end suffered the death of her husband in prison. Her penetrating, swift-moving memoirs of her husband are her real accomplishment in letters.

While learning and even professionalism became for many women the natural part of a life in which the usual traditions remained pretty much unaltered, the fact remains that the struggle for the right to adventure in the world of the mind soon became conscious. When the scientific writings of the Duchess of Newcastle were called in question because they were written by a woman, her husband rushed to her defence, declaring her work to be wholly original and stating that "she never did impe her high-flying Phancies with any old broken Fethers out of any university." Her work was undoubtedly original, as her "Phancies" were strikingly "high-flying." In her scientific discussions she seems to have felt little need to check her facts, and herself remarks that "she never could afford board-room to other people's ideas lest the legitimate offspring of her own brain be crowded out." But if she failed in the technique of research she possessed initiative, and she boldly challenged the conventions of her time.

By the end of the seventeenth century controversies over the whole duty of women had become frequent. Lady Chudleigh first made herself known through an angry diatribe in verse entitled "The Ladies's Defence," which was occasioned by an outspoken sermon delivered by a certain Reverend Mr. Sprint. After a bitter rehearsal of Mr. Sprint's views Lady Chudleigh closed thus:

'Tis hard we should be by the Men despis'd
Yet kept from knowing what would make us priz'd.
Debarred from knowledge, banish'd from the Schools,
And with the utmost Industry bred Fools.

But spite of you, we'll to ourselves be kind:
Your censures slight, your little Tricks despise,
And make it our whole business to be wise.
The mean low trivial cares of life disdain,
And read and Think, and Think and read again,
And on our minds bestow the utmost Pain.

And later when Lord Lyttleton gave expression in verse to sentiments not unlike those of the Rev. Mr. Sprint, Lady Mary Wortley Montague sent him the following tart summary of his views:

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary, kiss me! and be quiet.

The Sophia pamphlets, published in 1739-40, give a further notion that the feminist debate was at length fairly launched. The first of these was called "Woman not inferior to man: or a short and modest vindication of the natural right of the fair sex to a perfect equality of power, dignity, and esteem with the men. By Sophia, a person of quality." Sophia's manifesto was immediately answered by an anonymous article under the uncompromising title, "Man superior to Woman; containing a plain confutation of the fallacious arguments of Sophia in her late Treatise entitled 'Woman not Inferior to Man.'" In her rebuttal Sophia flung aside all moderation and rejoined with a dissertation entitled "Woman's superior excellence over Man, or a reply to the author of a late treatise entitled 'Man Superior to Woman.'" From these indications the war would seem definitely to have been on. To trace the causes of its first beginnings would be an interesting task, but in any case it is pleasant in these days to consider the energetic but fairly tranquil emergence of English women into the realm

of knowledge. Debate there certainly was, debate which must have been both an annoyance and a stimulus. But many of the larger as well as the subtler problems remained undefined; and there was the zest of adventure and innovation. There was besides for many of these learned ladies the ease and vigour which come from having many interests and preoccupations. The age of a close and narrow specialization in life and learning was yet to come.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE tales of "The New Land" are not to be viewed as a contribution to art. They rather painfully recall to a mind seeking forgetfulness the stories of Christian heroes and heroines that various benevolent Protestant denominations wished on us at a tender age. The particular ideal of the author of "The New Land" to be sure, is not Christian but patriotic virtue, but her method of approach is sadly reminiscent of the Sunday School Library of old time. The story of how Isaac Franks of the American army entertained General George Washington, or the adventures of Uriah P. Levy, the first naval officer of his day, are not destined to endure as masterpieces of short-story writing. Nevertheless the tales are all carefully and enthusiastically told and often rise to intrinsic human interest.

C. K. S.

THE present period of economic confusion and political uncertainty, marking the fulfillment of one phase of national development, might well be seized upon as a particularly auspicious interval for a backward glance—a summing up of certain factors in pioneer expansion which have contributed, in the refrain of the popular song, to "make us what we are to-day." A concise résumé of one sector in that continental growth which is now a closed chapter is embodied in Mr. Henderson's "The Conquest of the Old Southwest." Although the period has been more intensively treated before, and in a more strictly historical manner, the present volume unfolds the beginnings of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas in a straight-forward narrative designed as much for the general reader as for the student. Mr. Henderson takes full cognizance of the importance of the Indian trader, whose "drab and mercenary" share in westward expansion has frequently received less than its just due, owing to the centring of interest upon the huntsman of the Daniel Boone type. Indian fighting, land companies, and the origins of stable government are adequately treated, and the whole period brought within the scope of a volume of moderate length, adequately annotated and indexed.

L. B.

MR. GLAENZER has focused his camera on some ninety or more contemporary authors, and the results are, on the whole, fairly recognizable likenesses.¹ Many of them—and one might mention that Mr. Glaenger has snapped his judgments through the lenses of free form—are blurred, others reveal only the subjects' idiosyncratic qualities, and a precious few are "speaking likenesses." The literary photographer has been clever in catching his victims in what the public would call "a characteristic and distinctive pose"; to his ingenuity the following impression of Harold Bell Wright bears evidence:

You believe in God,
And are not ashamed of it.
You believe in good,
And are not ashamed of it.

One can see this
In the quality of your taffy
Old-fashioned home-pulled stuff
Easy enough to make
If one knows how.
How many do?

And it seems to be the best seller.

In the case of his *vers libre* subjects Mr. Glaenger is successful in reflecting their styles in his own. Miss Lowell is thus photographed:

When you came you were like spice and lightning
And the mixture splintered the Back Bay fog.
Now you are like Biglow
Doing the fox-trot.
I hardly hear you at all for I follow your measures;
But I am completely astonished.

L. M. R.

¹ "The New Land: Stories of Jews Who Had a Part in the Making of Our Country." Elma Ehrlich Levinger. New York: Block Publishing Co.

² "The Conquest of the Old Southwest." Archibald Henderson. New York: The Century Co.

³ "Literary Snapshots." Richard Butler Glaenger. New York: Brentano's.

"THE Lucky Mill"¹ is a story of Rumanian peasant-life in the Carpathian mountain passes. It is a singular contrast to those *opéra-bouffe* romances laid in semi-mythical Balkan regions through which the countries lying east of the Adriatic dawned so preposterously upon the provincialism of our popular reading not so many summers ago. The author is described as "a native of Transylvania . . . of that Rumanian stock which has most stubbornly kept to its Roman origin." Yet if this Romance element is to be traced in his work at all, it is to be found not so much in the atmosphere which lies behind his book as in the author's sense of values—in his instinctively dramatic acceptance of his matter and his swift strokes, in his power of epitomizing his characters. In the people of whom he writes there is something far more primitive than the Roman infusion, something older, which belongs to an aboriginal folk rooted deep in the soil. The story of "The Lucky Mill" deals with a life still ordered by the elementary relationships of the village and the hamlet but shot across with the rhythms of the completely different civilization of modern cities and modern life. There is the immobile native peasant stratum, with its anchor in church and family and the land; there is the even more primitive order of the marauding herdsmen, half mercenaries, half serfs. Among these peasant Rumanians move men and women of the cities, of intermingling nationalities and with urban motives—solitary trading Jews, representing as landlords a recognized financial order, and Magyars with their dubious, alien double-dealing. The revelation of the characters is strangely effective, especially in the case of Anna, the wife, and the old peasant mother, whose fateful utterance is like that of a Greek chorus. But the protagonists are Ghitzza, the young cobbler who becomes host of the "Lucky Mill," and the malign, predatory swineherd overseer Lica. The spectacle of Ghitzza, cunningly caught, but with his desperate agony of bravado, recalls the cumulative horror, the inexorable fatality of such a peasant tragedy as Tolstoy's "Powers of Darkness" or of the Corsican tales of Merimée.

R. D.

THAT indefatigable portrait painter with the pen, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, in his new volume, "A Prophet of Joy,"² has given us what is presumably the darling of his mind, a personification of sweetness and light who wanders through six books of rhymed verse, giving vent to charming vagaries of experience and uttering whimsical though sometimes rather stupid little speeches about happiness. His mission, as he conceives it, is best declared in his own words:

'The world is full of shadows, well I know;
The toothache, and the heartache, little evils,
Great if you like and if you make them so.
But man's worst enemies are surely devils
Of his own breed, imaginary woe,
When will, ungoverned, leads fantastic revel
Now from these ills I am to set men free.'
'How did you get such an idea?' said she.

The strain of Pollyannism in this philosophy is relieved by a sense of humour and the heart of a mischief-loving rogue. And yet for all his warmth of happiness and cheer, this "prophet of joy" is a curiously detached individual, feeling no claims of family or friends, or any preoccupation with sex. Luminous, light, and carefree, he takes his way, in sympathy with radicals but not of them, elected to the legislature but not of it, a man of finance, indifferent to his gains and losses. Thus when he is killed—cut down like a flower in his prime, for he had been young and appropriately endowed with physical charm—in an attempt to mediate between a band of strikers and their employer, there is little sense of pathos because the character has been largely a creature of fancy and as such has engaged the reader's attention rather than his affection. Mr. Bradford describes his poem as "an interpretation in verse of contemporary life." But this is to put too serious a stress on what belongs more properly to the realm of the fantastic. However, there is faithfulness to life in the other characters of the book, and Miss Perkins, in particular, is an evidence of the author's knack for portraiture. The medium seldom escapes from the category of "verse." But Mr. Bradford is fluent and dexterous and the rhymes carry one along through one hundred and ninety-three pages of easy and agreeable reading.

L. M. R.

¹"The Lucky Mill." Ioan Slavici. Translated by A. Mircea Emperle. New York: Duffield & Co.

²"A Prophet of Joy." Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Two merits by no means discoverable in all first novels may be conceded to "Prologue" at the outset. It commands to a marked degree technical dexterity and ease in expression, and—within the scope of its peacock-alley, comprehension of life—it is decidedly entertaining. Miss Duganne has conceived a heroine with temperamental and environmental likenesses to Linda Condon, but instead of working out her material to some significance, she seems to have set her heart on winning the approbation of Greenwich Village. The book might be described as a study of flapper-psychosis—if there is such a thing. The campaign which is to culminate in promiscuous kissing is begun early in life. By the time the heroine is twelve years old, she has become so inartificially sex-conscious that her conversational subtleties taper off into Wellsian ellipses. A year later, she reads "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and "The Confessions of a Young Man," and writes in her diary: "I think I should have liked Oscar Wilde. He understands so much." By the time she is sixteen, she feels a "satisfying sense of womanliness" in the act of pouring a glass of whiskey for a married man who is scheduled to make love to her. During the following year she becomes possibly Thorstein Veblen's youngest disciple, for she is caught in the act of reading "The Theory of the Leisure Class." On page 158, she suddenly longs for many things—"a negligee—she had never had a really pretty negligee—and some French-heeled slippers, and—a lipstick!"—thereby ignoring the fact that, on page 80, she was already using a lipstick. From this time on, life becomes a constant stream of kisses exchanged with beardless youths or designing males of maturer years. "It was not particularly unpleasant, this being kissed, and it made her feel grown-up, and strangely virtuous because she was giving something in return." Anything tending to reveal character, or in any way interfere with these inconsequent amours, is summarily dismissed by the author. Even the world-war is treated as though it were chiefly a factor in postponed osculation. In the end, the heroine becomes engaged and as the curtain falls begins to muse about having babies. If Miss Duganne will give us the sequel, we shall be able to judge her talent under a more revealing light than that of the diffused romantic glow of "Prologue."

L. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

SEVERAL weeks ago I commented in these columns on "The Book of Daniel Drew" (now published by the Messrs. George H. Doran Co.). I had known for some time, although rather vaguely, of the existence of this book, and when I at last read it, I accepted at its face value the simple statement in the preface that Mr. Bouck White was merely its editor. Thereupon a courteous correspondent suggested that Mr. White was in reality not so much the editor as the author of this extraordinary book. And this indeed proves to be the truth.

It would be a graceless thing to expatiate on my own ignorance. There may be thousands of readers who know that Bouck White virtually re-created Daniel Drew. But, to consider the case quite impersonally, it seems to me significant that even one reader of American books, one fairly alert reader, should have been ignorant of it. Here is a work which, to the candid mind, has very much the air of a classic. If Daniel Drew himself had written it he would have been justly entitled to a place among the minor masters of self-portraiture, a place very far below that of Casanova or Cellini, to be sure, below even that of Franklin (for the grasp of life revealed in the book is not very broad) but still almost unique in the literature of this country. As a product of the imagination it is still more remarkable: for any comparable achievement Mr. Bouck White, if he had been an Englishman or a Frenchman, would, it is more than likely, have drawn the curious eye of a dozen essayists and won the gratitude of his instructed fellow-countrymen. Mr. White is, of course, widely known in this country: through "The Call of the Carpenter" and other books his reputation has become familiar to all of us. But how large a public knows, confidently and beyond peradventure, that Mr. White is a man of genius, that his thoughts and activities are entitled to far more respect than the respect we lavish

¹"Prologue." Phyllis Duganne. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

every day upon second, third, and even fourth-rate English writers? Many a time I have seen Mr. White referred to in the newspapers as an irresponsible crank. And in all probability three-quarters of the persons who glance at this page will be as astonished as I was, and with quite as much excuse for their ignorance, to learn even of the existence of "The Book of Daniel Drew."

THIS is one of those incidents that fill one with a profound apprehension regarding America. With all our journals devoted to literary discussion one might expect a certain discrimination, a certain intelligent and conscientious effort to preserve the proportions of things, to cherish what is good and worthy and keep the public in touch with its few significant minds. Unfortunately, it is the big fish that never get into our nets. Shallow and presuming foreigners invade our literary world every month and the reviewers flock about them like so many stage-struck girls—but that has all been said before. What can never be sufficiently said is that this country is full of derelict talents that are always getting into disrepair and drifting away and breaking up because they are not in any sort of proper *rapprochement* with the critical public. An alert and self-respecting criticism can do much to keep talent in proper tune, it can do everything to keep the public in touch with what is most educative, most enlightening, most invigorating in the spiritual life of its time and country. The passive activity of our literary journals, on the other hand, simply confirms us in our national appetite for everything that is gross, vulgar, untruthful and perverted.

AND it is not only the fate of contemporary talents that fills one with misgivings. From the beginning of our history we have ignored, to our own loss, the brightest gifts of our native spirit. America has been like that mother-ant of which Fabre tells us, which, while carrying its young on its back, incontinently spills a few overboard every now and then (the liveliest, of course) and, being blind and imperfectly conscious, tramples on them and passes on. Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, writing the other day of the singular evaporation of Herman Melville's talent, remarked: "What he lacked was possibly only health and nerve, but perhaps even more, companionship of a friendly, critical, and understanding sort. In London, where he must have been hounded out of his corner, I can imagine Melville carrying the reflective vein to literary completion." Of how many of our men of talent could such a tale be told! We who permitted the great Whitman to live out his life in a house "as cheerless as an ash-barrel" (I am quoting one of his visitors), a house indeed "very like that in which a very destitute mechanic" might have lived, have little claim to the title of a proud race. Scarcely a month goes by in which the curious inquirer fails to happen upon some long-forgotten, some quite neglected American book that shines with the gaiety of wisdom or the sombre light of tragedy.

IF the haste and confusion of our life were alone responsible for our neglect of almost everything, in ourselves, in our fellow-countrymen, in our history, for which a proud and a mature people cares, we might escape self-condemnation on the score of "historical necessity." The truth is that there is a policy behind it. A conscious policy? Not quite that; I should rather call it an unconscious policy dictated by our conscious desires. It would be the greatest folly to assert without qualification that "business interests" had prevented, for example, "The Book of Daniel Drew" from taking its rightful place in our literature; if this book had exposed the essence of the business life itself as pitilessly as it exposes the essence of the Wall Street of half a century ago, no combination of business men, even if they conceivably wished to do so, could have driven it underground. My point is that the acquisitive instinct in the reading public is so strong that it can not permit itself to enjoy such a book, that all its prepossessions prevent it from attaining the candour of

spirit which enables such a book to come home to it. And American criticism as a whole has always adjusted itself to this fact. The American critic as a type has instinctively accepted the mental and moral habits of the majority as a criterion and has condemned or ignored everything that is not immediately in consonance with the prepossessions of the majority. And thus, by a sort of rule, the distinguished work in America has remained in obscurity and the commonest work has come to the top.

I was amused, for instance, the other day, in reading the "Cambridge History of American Literature," to note the following comment on a certain poet of the 'fifties: "He belongs chiefly to the student of human nature; lonely, shy, unmarried, disappointed, poor and dirty, he was in appearance and mode of life a character for Dickens, in heart and soul a character for Thackeray or George Eliot. Lowell pilloried him in an essay." I am not going to proclaim the genius of James Gates Percival: I am not even going to deny Lowell's right to pillory him. He was a dull writer, and an empty one. But could anything be more naïve than this fashion in which the critic of the "Cambridge History" scores him off? He was lonely, shy, unmarried, disappointed, poor and dirty: and the ingenuous implication is that Lowell pilloried him just because of these things. In England, it is suggested, in the hands of Dickens or George Eliot, he might have received some understanding treatment—because, to a writer of insight, the state of being unmarried, not to say poor and lonely, is not the most degrading of crimes. Something, on the other hand, tells me that if Lowell pilloried this poor and lonely man it was not entirely because he was dull, but precisely because he was poor and lonely, because he was not, from the bourgeois point of view, respectable. And the reason I believe this, is because Lowell also pilloried two other poets who were not dull but who had certain of the other traits of James Gates Percival—I mean, Poe and Whitman.

IT is the Lowells who have set the tone of our criticism: our literary historians and our reviewers alike have created themselves, quite instinctively, in the same complacent image. It is they who have determined what shall survive and what shall have the respectful ear of the public. And they are responsible, as the intellectual men are always responsible, for the taste of the public. It is for just this reason that we of the present generation feel for the smug and fortunate pundits who have presided over our spiritual destiny a little of the contempt that they have always felt for those of their contemporaries, gifted and ungifted alike, who are not smug and fortunate. A contempt for the easy rewards of the easily successful, a respect for poverty as a condition of freedom, a courage to pursue unpopular and lonely ends are, for us, among the essential virtues of the literary life. And we who have encountered in our own generation a Randolph Bourne see little to bewail in the fact that we have failed to produce another James Russell Lowell. Meanwhile, we are able to guess why it is that works like "The Book of Daniel Drew" are quietly permitted to drop out of sight. The commercialized public is unable to enjoy them because the prepossessions of the commercialized public are never challenged, and the critics are too ignorant, too stupid or too cowardly ever to challenge them.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Touch and Go," by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

"These Things Shall Be," by George Lansbury. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

"Character and Opinion in the United States," by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The New Adam," by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

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